

MAY 11 1883
No. 62302
CITY OF WASHINGTON

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Copyrighted for 1883, by RICHARD K. FOX, PROPRIETOR POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE, Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

RICHARD K. FOX, }
Editor and Proprietor }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1883.

{ VOLUME XLII.—No. 295.
Price Ten Cents.



BROADBRIMS IN A BAD BOX.

HOW CERTAIN QUAKER VISITORS FROM THE COUNTRY, VARIED THE MONOTONY OF A VISIT TO TOWN, AND TASTED THE FORBIDDEN FRUITS OF WORLDLINESS, IN PHILADELPHIA.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, May 19, 1883.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Copy, one year.....	\$4 00
One Copy, six months.....	2 00
One Copy, three months.....	1 00
Sample Copy sent on receipt of Ten Cents.	
Postage free to all subscribers in the United States.	
Subscriptions, communications, and all business letters must be addressed to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square and Dover Street (P. O. Box 40), New York City.	

All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or post-office money order.

COME TO THE WEDDING.

The journalists of the United States and Canada are offered the facilities of the POLICE GAZETTE building on May 24, during the ceremonies of the opening of the great East River Bridge. The POLICE GAZETTE building, rising thirty feet above the footway of the great structure, and situated immediately beside it, affords the only eligible point for observation of the great ceremonial of the union of the two cities. The journalists of the country, having been left out of the bridge directors' calculations, the undersigned offers the hospitalities of his establishment to the press generally on that occasion.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor POLICE GAZETTE.

THERE is a lull in the lunatic asylum horrors; yet they are going right on all the same. The fickle public has grown weary of this form of sensation, and the wicked will escape, after all.

EVEN old Bergh begins to betray dudesque style and manners. We see it all now. This opposition to athletic sports is only a raid of the dudes. It is shocking to them to think of great, brawny, well-built fellows slogging each other. Ah! But—horrible suspicion!—is Mayor Edson a dude, too? He has the proper calibre of brain for one, but is he a regular member of the order with Bergh?

THOSE snide journals of New York state that have taken to reading us lectures and pretending that they blush for us may as well save themselves the trouble of pretending virtue any longer, since we see through them at the first glance. We assure the public that though they "color up" at our real rude ways, it isn't blushing at all—it is a different hue altogether—they are turning green with envy. That's the way those goody-good journalists who deify the POLICE GAZETTE always "color up."

TEXAS still keeps well to the front with precocious specimens in the criminal line. There's another dashing boy desperado cut loose in the country near Dallas lately, bulldozing treasure bearers, raiding banks and bearing off boulders at the muzzle of his pistol. And yet the moral hypocrites go on singing psalms and laying the blame of all wickedness at the POLICE GAZETTE's door because it will talk of these things and expose these criminal graduates of the Sunday schools.

THE beauties of the law are showing off to the usual advantage in New York. A fortnight ago a poor man who was beaten and abused by a saloon keeper had him arrested. The accused was released on trifling bail and the accuser was locked up in the House of Detention, there to rot until the long deferred day of trial comes slowly around. Honesty may be the best policy and virtue may be the best recommendation, but this is the way to make them unpopular, to say the least.

THE ending of the dramatic and musical season is being marked by several notable social gatherings. It is a strange fact that all the rich actors and managers who don't need any feed are having complimentary dinners given them. Salvini and Mapleson, for instance, two of the best fed of all the mountebanks in the show business. How ridiculous! If dinners are to be offered why not offer them where they will do the most good—to the poor actors who have been loafing around the square for a fortnight already, living on free lunches, and who are not likely to encounter a square meal until next fall under the most favorable circumstances? It's a cursed mean world anyway. It never gives where its gifts are needed. If Salvini and Mapleson were in actual want of a feed we'll bet they'd wait a long time for any committee to come forward and tender them a banquet. You bet they would, and grow gray and lean with waiting, too.

WE KNOW where all our wicked actresses come from now. A Boston clairvoyant has just been arrested for luring young school girls to her den. Her method was to finally get them engagements in the ballet or chorus, and after she could use them no longer safely in her den, induce them to run away on dramatic tours. This is the real school of the drama, then? No wonder the actresses of the period have shocking morals.

Poor old John Bull! What a scare he is getting, and what a ridiculous figure he is cutting while ragged and much-despised Paddywhack pursues him, intent on fastening a dynamite firecracker to his coat-tail. That's one of the Fourth of July tricks Paddy learned in this country; so no wonder the fat old codger who is the butt of this patriotic pleasantries damns the Yankees when he pauses to take breath between each fresh scare. Go for him, Paddy; we're no friend of his, nor was he ever one of ours, the fat and treacherous old sneak! Give him Hail Columbia!

THE over-crowding of the theatres still continues. The law in this respect is violated every night, the officers whose duty it is to see that there is no violation being blinded and gagged with free tickets. Just you wait and see if there isn't a terrible disaster going to result from this criminal negligence and money-grasping recklessness. When another couple of hundred of "the dear public" are roasted there will be a howl, and the verdict nobody to blame will stand us off again. How long is this style of thing going on, anyhow? Is there no one brave enough to take these officials by the ear and make them do their duty?

THE summer liars have come out of their winter retreats and are letting out the kinks in their imaginations by way of practice for the coming season. Among the tough, experimental yarns of this class we note one from the wilds of Minnesota vouching for a half-hour shower of hailstones as big as baseballs, and the yarn of Capt. Hall of the schooner Annie Hall of Gloucester, Mass., who, backed by his crew, avouches that he passed at sea the other day a live turtle which he took, at first sight, for a ship bottom-up, and which he is ready to swear was "forty feet long, thirty feet wide and thirty feet from apex of the back to the bottom of the under-shell." Whew! How is that for a turtle—and a lie? Isn't the season opening with a rush though!

DOES Cyrus W. Field own the big bridge, and does Mayor Edson simply act as his agent? If so why is there all this sneaking business about it? If the great work belongs to the English capitalists and railroad kings, why not acknowledge it and hoist the British flag over it at once. We have "common people" in this country, too, now, we have become so English in our refinement, and they dare not oppose the will of their "betters." It does seem as if the Irish-Americans, instead of wasting time and money on Ireland, might find occupation with their traditional foe right here. While they are fooling about with Irish questions, the "bloody Saxon" is making a flank movement on their stronghold here and getting in his fine work right at their own doors.

NEW YORK, so long decried by the Boston people as the very hotbed of vice and human decadence, while Massachusetts has been held up as a moral model, has got the bulge on the Yanks at last. They'll sing small at the next New England dinner, and confine themselves to puffing the pilgrim fathers and leaving their descendants alone, lest we wicked ones of Gotham remind them of the Tewksbury almshouse revelations. We knew it. Pride must have a fall; and those after-dinner orators had been blowing it too high a key for several years. We're not sorry, though, that this Boston blather has been effectively stopped at last. It has been nauseating for a long time, but we New Yorkers were too polite to say so. We preferred they should find it out for themselves and take a tumble without our aid. And they've done it.

THE western idea of law is peculiar. Coyote Bill, for instance, is a long-haired, dime novel hero. He came in from the borders of civilization to have a drink and a lively time in a Dakota town. There was only one judge in the place, and Billy determined to use him up to begin with, so that he might have a clear field to run the village without any legal interference. The scout of the plains, therefore, called at the residence of his honor, and broke him all up. The judge, however, recovered sufficiently before Bill got off his drunk, to sit up in court in a sadly damaged condition, it is true, but with enough legal gumption in him to sit on the Coyote's counsel and to send Bill to prison for a year. Mighty dangerous fooling with the law in Dakota, we tell you. All the authorities are praising the judge for his forbearance in not shooting down the prisoner the moment he was arraigned.

THE opening of the big bridge will be an English holiday in more senses than one. The day selected is the queen's birthday, the invited guests are only the upper ten thousand of English sympathizers, and the procession across will be led by a big battalion of dudes, as close an imitation of the English article as possible. It's a high bridge, and the un-American directors are determined to run it with a high hand. If the rude democratic public should come on the scene, though, and decide to throw them over, wouldn't there be a high old time all round. Stranger things have happened.

WHAT'S getting into the married folks? Not content with the divorce facilities, they have taken to murder and suicide as a means of cutting the matrimonial tie. This world breeds low spirited and selfish dogs indeed, who lead in this business. Imagine the kind of a man that Brooklyn broker must have been, for instance, who, under the influence of business failures, could murder his wife and innocent little child! That he committed suicide was no manly atonement. He wasn't fit to live, probably—we'll agree to that—but it's a pity his life wasn't spared long enough to enable the law to punish him for his cruel murders.

THE firemen detailed to duty behind the scenes in the city theatres have a fine racket generally. They like their post and wrangle for it. The boys, however, have held their places so long that they have become quite theatrical. There are rumors that two or three of them who have gone on occasionally with the supers for practice are going to adopt the profession. At least two others have also become so dramatic that they are threatened with divorce suits by their wives and are in a very maelstrom of scandal among the gossips of the side scenes. There are fires behind the scenes that are dangerous to any man and uncontrollable even to a fireman. The boys are beginning to find that out.

THE Geneva (N. Y.) Courier is another of those wretched village papers that, being dependent on the hypocritical churchmen of its little town, curry favor by decrying the POLICE GAZETTE. The illiterate ass who runs the Courier declares the POLICE GAZETTE an obscene publication and wants its proprietor summarily incarcerated in the state prison. If people were sent to prison for murdering English language, or for lying, or for hypocrisy, the editor of the Courier would be in for life. We're going to keep right on telling and picturing the truth about the world, including the Parsons and the church people generally, though we may be considered obscene, and though creatures of doubtful sex, such as the editor of the Geneva Courier, may blush and think us a "real mean, naughty fellow." Yes, we shall, though you think us a "horrid, wicked thing."

WHAT an awful creature is the young woman of the era. What cranks she has; what devilishness inspires her; what crimes she commits; what erratic notions possess her! Her latest sensational dodge is to tie herself up, scar, bruise and gag herself, and enduring great tortures await calmly till she is discovered and released. Then she tells a story of fearful adventure with burglars and assassins, and figures as a heroine in the papers for two or three days, until she is found out and gets a scorching in the editorial paragraphs of the indignant journalists who have been sold by her. Florence Dixie started this fashion on the other side of the water and it has been as promptly adopted here, as if it were a new style of Paris bonnet. How far it will go no one knows. One thing is certain—it will not be safe to place any reliance in young women until this rage for romantic adventure has gone out of fashion. A fashion that plays journalists for suckers from the word go ought to be discouraged.

THAT awful pretender, Salmi Morse, has come smirking, crying and crawling up to the footstool of Mayor Edson again, in his peculiar cringing, sheeny way. Having been kicked, he comes back to lick the boot that did the kicking. He has given up the "Passion" and now wants to play in his "Temple" a new drama, written by himself, entitled "A Bustle Among the Petticoats," in which the main feature is a ballet in long skirts. That sounds very much like the old-fashioned can-can—doesn't it? We think the "Bustle" will be sat down upon. Salmi seems doomed in every move to get on the pre-empted ground of the Parsons. When he goes fooling around petticoats and bustles he is trenching on the ground that Holy Joe considers as much his own as that on which the "Passion Play" moved. Leave the sisters and their rig alone, Salmi—hands off such delicate points as your play treats of. Of course, after Mayor Edson consults with the religious authorities of the metropolis, he isn't going to license Salmi and let him loose among the petticoats and the bustles. Not much. No person is going to stand that.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit,
Culled from Many Sources.

LADIES, a piece of advice—Never send your letters by male.

Two hogsheads make one butt, but it takes only one goat's head to do it.

HENS may be a little backward on eggs; but they never fail to come to the scratch where flower beds are concerned.

GIRLS, don't think a fellow is a gentleman because he gives you a polite bow. Bowers are always knaves, so a eucher player informs us.

BABY nudges his mother's elbow: "Mamma, stop Toto from killing the fly on the window." "What for?" "Because I want to kill him myself."

A CANADA farmer discovered a pit containing 500 skulls. Must have been the site of some ancient theatre to have so many dead heads in the pit.

AN IRISHMAN has always an answer for anything. A Corkonian, on being asked at breakfast, how he came by "that black eye," said he slept on his fist.

"PA," said a bright little boy at the theatre the other night, "I wish I would hurry up and get bald-headed." "Why, son?" "Because, then I could always sit on the front row of chairs."

"YOU had better ask for manners than money," said a finely-dressed gentleman to a beggar, who asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the reply of the mendicant.

BUILDING is going on in Philadelphia so fast this spring that the man who goes to sleep on a lot at night is liable to have a roof over his head in the morning—that is if the police do their duty.

ONE of the best definitions of faith was given by a bright Sunday school boy to his teacher: "As near as I can make it out, it is feeling perfectly sure of a thing when you have nothing to back it up."

A LITTLE boy running along caught his toe in something and fell on the pavement. "Never mind, my little fellow, it won't hurt to-morrow," said a bystander. To which the boy replied: "Then I won't cry to-morrow."

IT is said that a minister in a country kirk in Scotland stopped in the course of his sermon to ask a member who was somewhat deaf: "Are ye hearing, John?" "Oh, aye," was the response; "I am hearing, but to verra little purpose."

A CONTEMPORARY has an acquaintance who remarks he has often heard the proverb, "A friend in need is a friend indeed!" but he can't see where the laugh comes in. He has a friend in need who is always borrowing money of him.

A LADY of experience observes that a good way to pick out a husband is to see how patiently he waits for dinner when it is behind time. Her husband remarks that a good way to pick out a wife is to see whether the woman has dinner ready in time.

A BOY came home from school much excited, and told his father that he believed all human beings were descended from apes, which made the old man so mad that he replied, angrily: "That may be the case with you, but it ain't with me, I can tell you that, now."

"Hi! Where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a remarkably short pair of trousers. "I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply.

"Then, by my conscience," said Pat, "you've pulled them a year too soon!"

IN modern Egypt a young man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. This is rather rough on the young man, but it prevents the newspapers of Egypt from making jokes about the girl enticing him into an ice cream saloon and bankrupting him in the first round.

AN HOUR or two before the execution of Lantz, the French parricide, the director of the Versailles prison asked him what he would like to eat for his last repast. "Some apricots," said Lantz. "But we cannot get apricots in less than four or five months."

"I will wait," was the calm reply.

IN ancient times women raised such large crops of hair on their heads that they could sit on the ends when they left it hanging down their backs. Nowadays a woman's hair may be sat down upon by a near-sighted person in the next room, when it is left hanging down the back—of a chair.

THE telephone is very popular in Colorado. By means of the telephone an absent-minded stranger, while talking to a native, can feel in his hip-pocket for a handkerchief or a piece of tobacco without being shot. It is thought that very soon all conversation in Colorado will be carried on exclusively by telephone.

THE following is a speech made by the manager of an Irish theatre. There were only three persons composing his audience: "Ladies and gentlemen—As there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all; the performances of this night will not be performed; but the performances of this night will be repeated tomorrow evening."

A PRETTY naivete of a child, Mlle. Lili, was asked this problem: "Ten cents a day, how much would that make a week?" Mlle. Lili reflected, counted her fingers, and replied: "That makes 70 cents." "Very well done," said her grandfather, and he gave her the 70 cents. "Oh, how sorry I am," cried Lili, "that I did not say that 10 times seven made a dollar!"

"WOULDN'T you like to have a bow?" said a bold young archer, as they sauntered down the field, and she murmured: "Yes," and the absorbed archer said: "What kind of a bow would you prefer?" She quivered a little as she replied, aroly: "I think I should prefer you." And the young man took it in, and though he was a narrow-chested youth he went to the target and heaved a bull's sigh.

A YOUNG man who had just returned from a seven days' vacation, being requested to carry a box up stairs, replied that he could not, because he hadn't strength to do it. "Haven't strength!" said his employer, "how is that?" "Why, you see, I've been off for seven days, and it's a fact, you know, that seven days make one week." The young man was given a perpetual vacation from that establishment.

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Disbanded Barnstormers Gathering on the Summer Lunch Routes.

Hordes of Operatic Tramps Overrun the Square and Drive the Dramatic Fakes to the Wall.

WHAT are the dramatic colleges doing? We don't hear of a single new star to come out in "Camille."

CHARLEY THORNE's death broke up the Union square theatre company—at least so the wily Palmer says. We contend, though, that the scandals that clustered thick about the company and the place had much to do with it.

AS WE said long ago, the Cincinnati dramatic festival which was begun on Monday, April 30, was the "frost" of the season. The stars panned out just as we predicted they would, and the show wasn't even fourth-class in an artistic sense, since neither of them was at his best at that.

WHY doesn't Levy "drop" and shut up? Let some of his friends gag him. If he is a chump there is no use in letting all the world know just how much of a chump he is. It's a late day to talk about his darling Minnie now, and how much he loves her yet. For heaven's sake—is that the new tune he is going to tot in our ears all the coming summer?

BROOKLYN has a lodge of Elks which is made up of 10 lawyers, noted for prowling around the stage doors of theatres, and coaxing actresses to get divorces from their husbands; three theatre treasures and a couple of amateur reporters. There'll be trouble in that lodge when the question arises as to who is to pay for the beer for the Sunday night sprees.

LANGTRY made a terrible revelation as *Galatea*. She made the worst status that ever any artist conceived, even in his worst nightmare. Such a homely effect as her wig gave her! Such awful big feet as she exploited! Such protuberant kneepans! Such ill-padded legs! Such an awkwardness of position and gait! Lordy! Lordy! Freddie, who has seen all this before, must have been a chump to have been infatuated! We are now satisfied that he's paying too dear for his whistle—speaking in polite paraphrase and not calling a spade a spade.

THE "Silver King" has come to a premature end at Wallack's. The Tearle scandal killed it, as by a lightning stroke, in the very height of its popularity. An American audience wasn't going to hear a hero of the mimic scene just about his wife and children when they knew that same hero was the sort that in real life abandons his offspring and their dam to the tender mercies of the world while he takes up with another fellow's female partner. Tearle was too much for the public stomach. He was spewed up, and Wallack's got the ill-flavor.

EMMA ABBOTT'S opera season is over. Wetherill will not be able to get as good a company next year. John Gilbert, the new basso, whose first season on the stage was a pronounced success, has declined his best offers. A better prospect opens before the robust John than figuring as the favorite of Squedunk at the head of a company of tonic barnstormers. There's too much tone in Gilbert for that. He's an operatic artist of metropolitan timbre, and he has learned enough in one season's experience to shake off Wetherill and his mob. That in itself is a hopeful advance.

AT baccarat in Paris six months ago an erstwhile theatrical entrepreneur won a quarter of a million (dollars), and returned to New York in mid-winter to figure as a *nouveau riche* on the promenades, on the drives and in the theatres. The airs he did put on in the theatres were, above all, paralyzing. He was the loudest thing in the show shop between the acts. Even the bass drum and the cymbals were as nothing to him. He went back to Paris six weeks ago. Alas! And now the painful rumor comes that he has lost all his boddle—at baccarat. The wily Gaul waited a long time, but we knew he would pluck the peacock at last.

IN THE fight between *Romeo* and *Tyball* at Taunton, Mass., on the night of April 26, Frederick Paulding, Margaret Mather's *Romeo*, ran his sword clear through the body of George A. Dalton, who played *Tyball*. The two "duffers" lost their heads on the stage, and forgot the points they had agreed on at the rehearsal of the stage combat. In consequence, the duffer, *Tyball*, stepped forward instead of aside, when the duffer, *Romeo*, disengaged and made his fierce lunge in *corte*, and *Tyball* was run through. At last account he was recovering, although he had a close call. There should be a law against "duffers" using swords or pistols on the stage.

WHAT a set of hypocritical snides these managers are may be judged from the fact that manager Abbey sent to manager Mapleson's stateroom on the steamer on which the boisterous of the operatic territory sailed for "Merrie Engeland," on Saturday, April 23, an immense basket of flowers, with his compliments. The colonel of her majesty's horse marines gushed in return and sailed away, blowing kisses to "his American brother." And the burden of Abbey's nightly prayers is that the ship may go down or that the colonel may fall overboard into the jaws of a shark or some other fish with a strong stomach. And Mapleson, in the devotions of his closet, is pleading with his gods that Abbey may be paralyzed or that the walls of the Metropolitan opera house may fall on and crush him. What a fine set of mountebanks and humbugs these fellows are.

WHAT a lot of hypocrites there is in the dramatic profession, too, as well as in the churches! On Thursday, April 26, for instance, there was a dinner given to Salvini at the Hotel Brunswick. Now, Tomaso can't speak a word of English, so he read his speech in choice Italian, and a friend afterwards read a translation in rather less choice English. When Salvini was speaking the graduated hamfatters, fakes and managerial ignoramus were all attention, and laughed and applauded in imitation of two or three Italian waiters present, but when the English version telling what it was all about was being read, they chatted and paid no heed, as if they had heard it all before. When we reflect that these fellows don't understand a word of Italian, and even have to skip the big words in their own language, we can't help laugh-

ing outright at their hollow pretences. Wonder if they think they deceive anybody—even the Italian waiters? The asses!

NOT to be left, the variety branch of the dramatic profession is coming out with several scandalous domestic cases. The double song and dance people are convicting each other of the double husband and wife act. For instance, there is Lizzie Sherman, the serio-comic, whose husband, Ellixes Ratell, entered a suit in Brooklyn the other day for a divorce. He married Lizzie in 1872, but two weeks ago discovered that she had been wedded in 1865, and that her first hubby had been living beatific and complacent right through her second nuptials without making a sign. This is a pretty good first attempt for the variety people—quite up to the "bliz" of the legitimate branch of the "perfesh." None of the great artistes could have done it better than Lizzie. She's got the true dramatic style about her, and no mistake.

CLARA MORRIS doesn't often get left, but that happened to her a couple of weeks ago at Booth's. She had been engaged by Chizzola to play with Salvini, but both of them together couldn't draw half a house. Chizzola had agreed to pay her \$500 a night, but as it didn't come in, he failed to pay her anything for two nights. Thereupon Mr. Harriott went off his base and Clara went off in spasms, and there was the devil to pay all around. The manager took it coolly, dodged the lawyers and got out of town, giving Mr. Harriott, in passing, the polite, conventional salutation of thumb to nose and fingers twiddling. Chizzola calls this smart. He has done it so often, and it has only ended in a laugh, and a drink all around, that he thinks he can repeat the joke *ad infinitum*. Maurice Gran had an experience of this character with him several years since, which all the knowing ones in theatrical circles thought would result in ruling him out of New York forever after, if only out of pure shame; but back he comes when the affair has been almost forgotten and gets into a similar scrape the first thing. Harriott had no excuse for getting left; he knew with whom he was dealing.

THEY do say, the wicked, wicked gossips, that old man Lester was shocked to the verge of jealousy when he heard that Tearle had gained more influence with Minnie Conway than even he could boast of. It was a sad breakdown of the old man's self-esteem. You see Minnie had been accorded the high favor of playing with Lester in several of his out-of-town engagements, and a woman who is once accorded that high privilege is generally dead gone even after, on the dandy old chap. That's the way it used to be, at any rate. There was no leading man who could outmatch the "Gov'nor" right on his own ground. Even Wyndham and George Clarke failed in it when they were members of the Wallack company. That was over a decade ago, though, and times have changed considerably since the Tearles began to come from England. No wonder Lester has grown reckless, thrown away his hair dye and permitted the gray hairs to show. He feels that "Othello's occupation's gone." They say he's mad and disgusted at the disgrace that Tearle has brought on the theatre—but we know better: his woe is deeper than that. It's an affliction of the heart—not of the stomach.

MAPLESON went away all smiles, but there was a worm gnawing at his heart. There was \$5,000 balance due him from the stockholders of the academy, which he will have to mark as a bad debt. When the colonel engaged Patil her terms were held so high that he had to call on the wealthy stockholders to help him out with funds. They agreed to submit to an assessment of \$3 extra a share during the season. At the last moment, several of these gentlemen refused to pay up their \$3, among them being, it is said, J. J. Goodwin, J. N. A. Griswold, Johnston Livingston, Theodore Havemeyer, the estate of F. E. Gilbert and Judge Samuel Blatchford. These are all rich and tony folks, who could spare the \$3 without distressing themselves, but for some reason they preferred to go back on the colonel. This saving policy has made a great scandal in society, and the talk does not please the parties interested, who may be tempted if they "get their mad up" to give away the inside workings of the academy, the colonel and the rich patrons of lyric art. We have no doubt there is a mine of rich news behind all this—and wouldn't we like to get at it!

WE note an advertised boast that Herne's "Hearts of Oak" drama has reached this vicinity once more, after an extended tour over the country and its intended termination of a season of contagious profit. The main feature of this play has been and is a baby in arms—a poor, speechless sucking, that is dandled and tossed and tumbled in the scene to make "the groundlings" laugh, at an hour when it should be in its baby slumbers. This play has sacrificed some half dozen of these wretched infants. Their mothers hired them out to Herne as "properties" and he made angels of them. An actor of our acquaintance met Herne one night in Cincinnati at a ball, after the performance, and, as they touched glasses, remarked: "That baby of yours is a chip of the old block, Jim. He was the star this evening—he shared the honors with his dad." "Oh, bless you," said Herne, "that's not my baby. Do you think I'd let my child go on and be tossed around that way? Oh no, I thank you; he's well cared for, and snug in his cradle at home. That was a hired baby." This style of thing has been going on for three seasons, and yet the philanthropic society with a long name has never taken any notice of it, and the great hulking actor, who is big enough and strong enough to earn his living by severe physical exercise, has grown rich on the torture and even sacrifice of these hired innocents. And there was none to protest. The POLICE GAZETTE comes out bravely as the champion of the infants.

THERF is nothing like persistency and effort. They say a rolling stone gathers no moss, but they lie when they say it in application to show business. It takes some men a whole lifetime to learn this, and then it is too late to benefit by it. Joe De Barthe, we notice, though, has learned it early, and keeps rolling on from one point to another, now up hill, now down, in search of a prosperous plane surface for his operations. After trying dramatic management, and wrestling with the cussedness of petted stage stars as an agent, he has suddenly changed his base and bloomed as a musical composer, as well as a poet. His new song, "The Gable-Roofed Attic," has all the elements of popularity and sufficient melody and poetic grace about it to make all his dear friends in artistic circles madly jealous of him. He's hit it this time with a successor to the most popular of Kennedy's tunes. We have no doubt that his melody will attain such popularity that we will all be regretting that he was permitted to live long enough to write songs, for this "Gable-Roofed Attic" is just the kind that is sure to be

whistled by all the boys and played by all the hand-organs—not to mention the nigger minstrels and the concert singers, who are already tuning up on it. De Barthe has much to answer for; but we're not surprised at all—we always thought he would wind up with some such attack on the peace of the people, far and near.

NOW THE Lotos club, an aggregation of snides and pretenders of every sort, sides to the front for its little "a" out of the scandal. It talks of preventing Tearle becoming a member after electing him, because he is quite too wicked and his marital affairs are quite too mixed. The club can't wink at his sins. Oh, indeed! It can't, eh? And who are the fellows who give themselves these airs? Pretended journalists, with a record of four divorces suits apiece and a mistress a week; managers, holding temporary Benedict relations with professional novices young enough to be their grandchildren; politicians, who escaped the state prison by the skin of their teeth. A pretty set this to talk morality and exact fair play for women! Why there isn't one of them that isn't blemished in this way, and, if all were known, even Tearle couldn't enter the clubhouse without holding his nose or leave it without feeling ashamed of himself as he stepped into the pure outer air. A pretty party this to talk purity! The devil has put on saintly robes indeed, it seems, when it comes to this.

BILLY THE GHOUL feels so sore over his failure as purveyor of stock for the *pus cavy* of Pimble's palace that he has engaged to get half a dozen correspondents and reporters full every night to write him up in the papers of the land. They have begun with a fanciful biography, dwelling on his *ton*, his *hauteur* of manner, his distinguished style and his general air. They lay stress especially on his forbearance in not setting up for a manager himself, but being content to act as a lackey to Yardstick Abbey. They dodge facts most skillfully in these biographical puffs, however. They should have begun with the statement that two or three seasons ago Billy was an usher at Niblo's Garden, and since has justified his record in that temple of the drama. His ability to keep his mouth shut deceives people as to the barrenness of his intellect, and enables him to pose as anything you like, so long as you only ask him to look the character. There need be no wonder that he has not usurped the place of Abbey, or that he has not set up for a manager for himself. He can't. He hasn't the ability. There's nothing to him. Nobody knows this better than Abbey. That's the reason he keeps him. He would be afraid of an able man—a person who really knew something—in such a position. Abbey has no use for any one even half as knowing or intelligent as himself—hence the employment of Billy the Ghoul and Copleston. There isn't an usher in Niblo's to-day who wouldn't make a better manager than Billy. Every one who knows anything about theatres knows that.

MARGARET MATHER, necktie Hill's star, made her *debut* in Brooklyn, on Monday, April 30, and played through the week. She has the making of an actress in her, though the puffing she got in Chicago at the start was sufficient to handicap to the verge of ruin the greatest genius the world ever saw. We confess to having experienced an uncontrollable prejudice against her; yet we must say she has the fire in her. Her ways are original and the effect of all her efforts as a whole, is not unpleasing. Her *Juliet* is marked with an individuality that is her most promising point. She gives the *role* a novel cast. Whereas Neilson made it a purely poetical creature—a lovely embodiment of the poet's phantasmas—something angelic with an occasional artful flash of the sensuous through the angel robes—Mather makes it all sensuous, but artfully so. Her *Juliet* has the very air of tangible passion in its processes—it is a *Juliet* sick, fainting, exhausting with love—stifled in perfume and enervated in the climax of physical passion. It is tropical, but not red hot tropical. It is the *Juliet* of the tropic twilight, after the ardent blazing day has begun to wane. It is a study in this respect, quaint for the young and old alike. To the one reminiscent—to the other suggestive. Margaret is not pretty. She is sensuous—charmingly so, and there is no doubt her piquancy will atone for much that is lacking in mere looks. The public will have to be educated up to this new style of art, though. It will take another season to do it, and if Hill's boddle holds out long enough to force the style on the dramatic market, Margaret is going to sweep the deck and rake in the whole pot.

AS WE predicted, A. M. Palmer has abandoned the field, and left the Union square theatre to his partner, Sheridan Shook. We predicted this some time since in the following terms: "We are glad to remark that the wily spring of the Union square is at last getting left. The rats are deserting his sinking ship in great numbers, and not only that, but his ship is breaking up, too, and its crew are going away and trusting to other planks to bear them up on the tempestuous sea. Pretty soon the wretched old craft will go down, and nothing will be left of Palmer but the few bubbles on the surface, fitting windy monuments of his last resting place. Only a few weeks since Sara Jewett, the very figure-head of his craft, broke loose and floated away from him, to be picked up by George Edgar's rich galleon, and now Maude Harrison flings herself aboard Harry Lucy's ship, and will replace Maud Granzer in the leading role in 'The Planter's Wife.' Miss Harrison has done wisely. She has been nearly 10 years in Palmer's company, and has never been advanced beyond the line of *ingénue* business. She has talent and ambition, and once out of the strait-jacket of A. M. Palmer's policy we have no doubt will develop into a strong leading lady. It was cruel the way this young woman's talent was repressed and her ambition crushed at the Union square theatre. Being bound by a long contract, she was obliged to submit to this repression policy and become a slave during the best years of her artistic life, but on the first opportunity she has entrenched herself, and we congratulate her." After all these years of service, when Miss Jewett left the company and Miss Harrison was in the direct line of promotion, the manager went outside to get an amateur, Miss Georgia Cayvan, to fill the position. What wonder Miss Harrison got mad! Such treatment was what she might have expected, though, from such a source. If she will try to forget all she has learned at the Union square theatre, she, we have no doubt, will go to the top of the heap, or somewhere near it, anyhow. We wish her luck—not only for herself, but out of pure spite to the sphinx. The Union square will be controlled by Jim Collier, with Shook as the moneyed partner behind him.

MR. PIT, who is playing a "stall" on the public at the Bijou opera house, is a snide English actor of most astounding pretensions. We say he is "stalling" or "standing off" the

public because we think we have detected his little game. He is playing a spring and summer season of played-out comedies at the abandoned Bijou in the face of a dead sure loss, simply to get a metropolitan brand that will enable him to go off barnstorming with an English company next fall over the dramatic routes of the country, with some advance advertising to justify his lofty airs. He has been doing "Caste" and is going to do Albery's "Two Roses," and that style of diluted rose water play which only a diseased public appetite ever made tolerable for a season in the palmy days of such rot, and he wants everyone to bow down and worship him, his players, his plays and his project. If you demur he damns you as recklessly as if he were the Vanderbilt of the drama. He says, pompously, that the critic who stated in a weekly paper that Robertson could not write smooth and natural dialogue is an ass. We think the asinine onus lies the other way, or that the bragging Pitt is the ass himself. We endorse that critic, whoever he may be. Robertson could not write (or, at any rate, did not write,) smooth realistic dialogue. It is jerky, labored, stilted, and the strain to make it terse, epigrammatic and politely Frency in its briskness and sparkle is plainly apparent. The result is thinness of literary texture in his plays, lack of vigor in his motif and a polishing and planing off of climax until it weakens (most politely it is true), but yet it weakens. What, for instance, is more artificial than the scenes between grand old lady and her son in "Caste." There is still run so high that the motive force of the play threatens to break in the middle. And the whole sentiment of the piece—isn't it namby-pamby, maudlin, unhealthy? See here, Sir Cockney Pitt—what the devil are you giving us? Do you think we're so dead gone on the English that we're going to have the "rot" of a dead Englishman rammed up our nostrils and acknowledge it a perfume against the evidence of our own sense? You English actors haven't got the upper hand so far just yet that you can come over from your penny gaffs and teach us how to write our criticisms or to mould our aesthetic taste, however much you may lord it over the dramatic profession here, in consequence of the pusillanimity of American actors and the fondness of American managers. We call you a bad actor, Robertson's comedies played out "society" rubbish, and your criticisms of your critics vulgar cockney impudence. How's that for an unbiased opinion, my lad Harry?

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

A Bride Attempts to Run Away with the Boddle on the Wedding Tour.

Capt. Arnold von Treskow, until lately attached to the German army, and son of the distinguished Gen. Treskow of the Fifth corps of the Prussian army, came to this country on a wedding tour about six weeks ago with a beautiful young bride, selected from the cream of the belles of Berlin. On April 25 she disappeared from her husband's apartments in a New York hotel, and with her went all his funds. He caught her, however, tripping up the gangplank of the Hamburg steamer at the pier in Hoboken on April 28. The beautiful bride shrieked, fainted and made a scene, but her husband bore her off in triumph. An officious policeman interfered, but the bridegroom went before a Jersey justice, and, proving his property, led the young wife across the ferry. She went more meekly than the average American bride would have done after having her plans spoiled in that way, and nothing more has been heard of the couple by the inquisitive public, so it is fair to suppose they are as happy as could be expected under the circumstances.

A MASHING STEPSON.

He Cuts Out His Ma's Second Husband and Raises a Sad Scandal.

In 1878, in New York, Isaac Smith married Mary Levy, a handsome young widow, who had among her imbecilities a stepson, Isaac S. Levy—a fine looking young man. Smith and his bride lived happily together until one night when he came home from work and caught Levy holding his handsome stepmother now Mrs. Smith, aged 45, in his lap. Smith was mad, and kicked up a devil of a fuss. Thereafter he kept his eyes open, and noticed an exceedingly loving state of affairs between the two. Then he began to protest and to interfere with the blandishments. In consequence of this interference, he says, Levy, in February last, succeeded in entitling Mrs. Smith away from her home, and since that time they have been living together—the stepson and stepmother. Smith has begun a suit for \$10,000 damages. Both Levy and Mrs. Smith deny that there have been any improper relations between them.

KANSAS DESPERADOES.

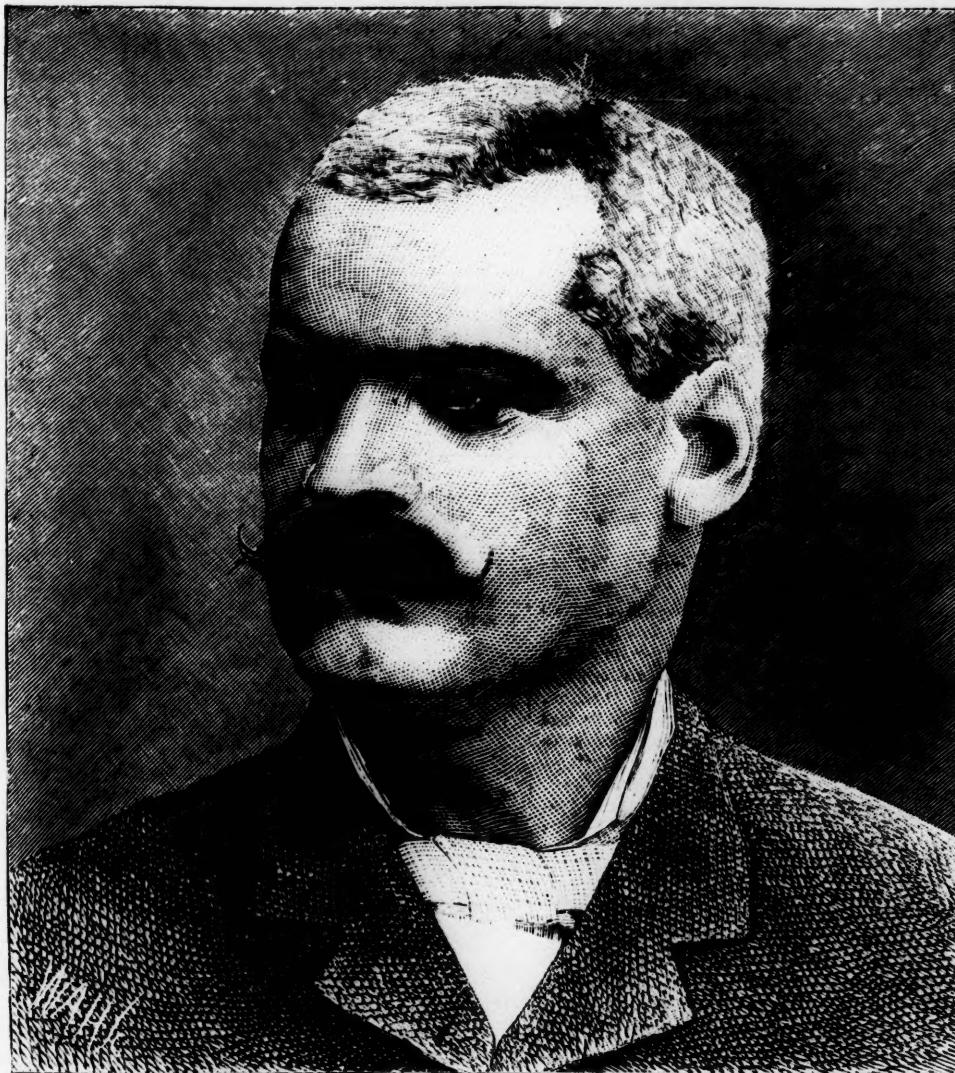
They Wreck a Village Post Office and Kill the Postmaster's Wife.

The lot of the average postmaster in Kansas is not a happy one, judging from late events. On the night of April 19 Postmaster Normile of Normaville, in that state, was beaten, his wife shot and the post office robbed by ruffians. Four brothers, named Barlow, and two other men, Gall and Winfield, called at Normile's store and demanded liquor. Being refused, they drew revolvers and began an indiscriminate shooting, wrecking and destroying all property, putting out the lights, and then robbed the safe. One ball pierced the forehead of Mrs. Normile, wife of the postmaster, and lodged in her brain. They fled at once to Huron, a small station, and endeavored to create further disturbance. Sheriff Blair and a posse of men started after them, but it is not expected that they will be taken without a hard and bloody fight.

A FLIRT'S SAD FATE.

How a Young Wife and a Happy Home Were Blighted by Vanity.

A year ago, there was no happier couple in New Haven, Conn., than John Miller, the baker, and his wife Mary. They kept a large store in the city; did a good business and were rapidly acquiring wealth. Mrs. Miller, however, being pretty, couldn't resist the temptation to flirt and fall. Her husband learned of her sin, and put detectives on her track without her knowledge. On April 13, he surprised her by obtaining a divorce on the ground of her undeniably infidelity. She left her home in a fit of despair, saying she would drown herself. She took her two-year-old boy away with her and put him to board, leaving a sum of money in the tank to her credit to be devoted to his support. The body of the wretched woman was found floating in the river near New Haven, on April 27. She had kept her promise.



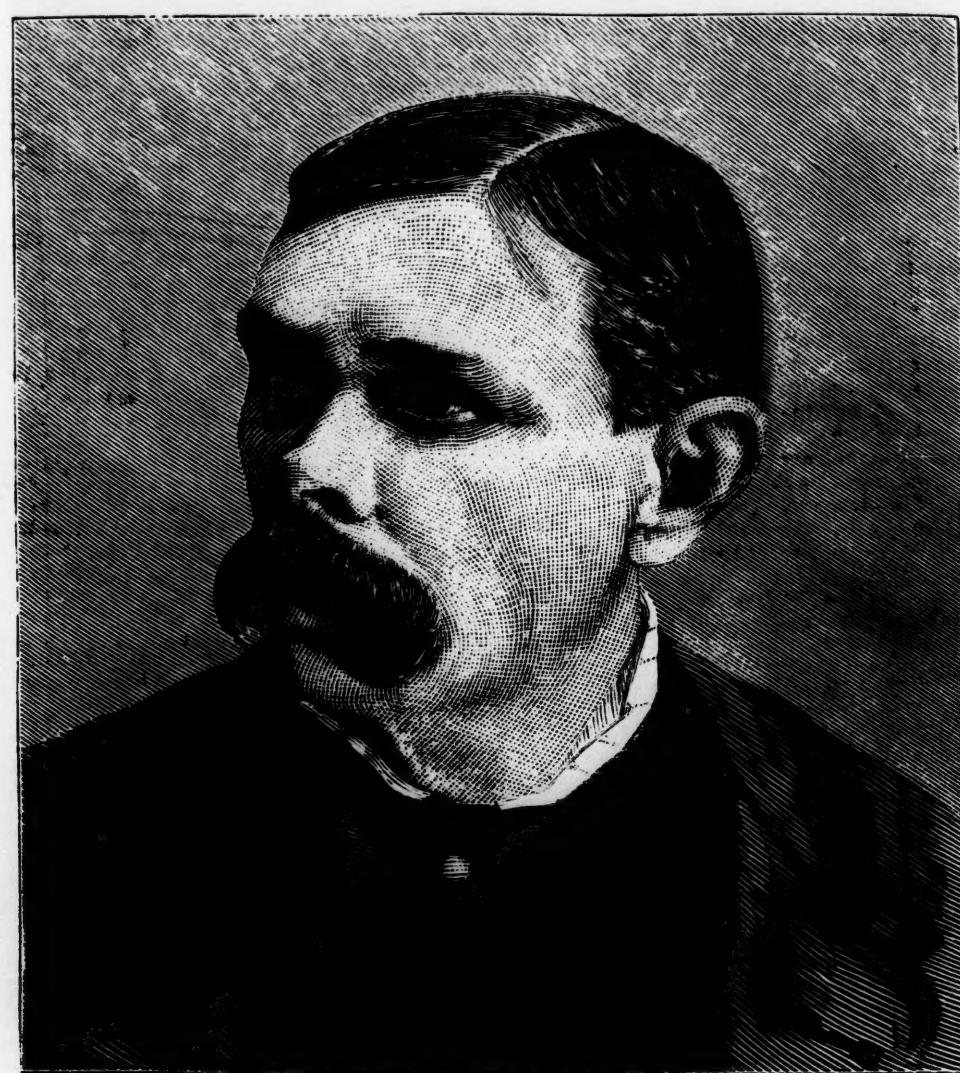
EDWARD S. STOKES.

THE FAMOUS NEW YORK SPORTING MAN.

Edward S. Stokes.

This gentleman needs no introduction at our hands to the sporting and general public. He is the well-known host of the most magnificent cafe and wineroom in the metropolis, or in the world. He was born in 1841 in Philadelphia, and comes from good old Quaker stock. He has figured during years past in large speculations in the mercantile world and in heavy operations in the stock market, and counts his friends by the dozens. His *bonhomie* is proverbial, and as a sociable, good fellow, he ranks among the

very top sawyers of the metropolis. He is the typical American gentleman—born to wealth, yet not arrogant, a favorite of fortune when he woos her, and yet not vain; and, take him for all in all, just the sort to make a dull party jolly, or a too jolly party decorous. He has the charm of Midas about him, too—all he touches turns to gold—but his wealth at once takes artistic shape and is moulded by refinement. Even pudgy Bacchus has become symmetrical since he fell into Stokes' hands. If you don't believe us, call on him, and see for yourself how magnificent and graceful the rosy god has become in his new temple.



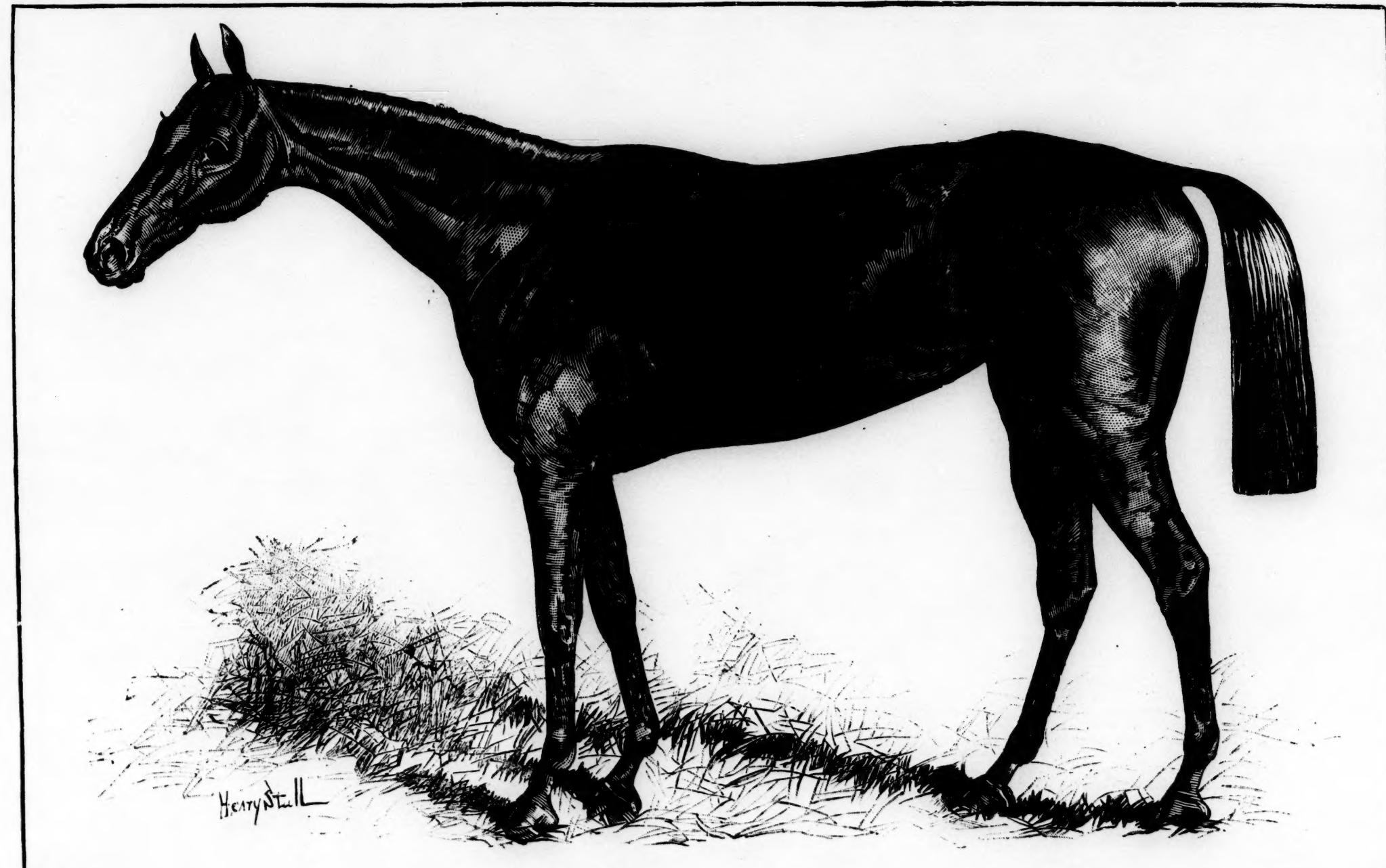
JAMES L. KERNAN.

THE BALTIMORE THEATRE MANAGER.

Girofie, The Plunger's Race Mare.

We publish in this issue a picture of the celebrated race mare, Girofie, lately leased by Mr. F. T. Walton, better known in racing circles by the title of "the Plunger." Mr. Walton shipped the mare to England on May 5, to be prepared for the fall handicaps there. As she is one of the very best racers that ever left this country, Mr. Walton has a reasonable chance to be reimbursed for his outlay of \$6,000 for the control of her running qualities alone. Girofie is a chestnut mare, 6 years old, and is by Imp. Lexington out of Ratan, by Lexington. She was

bred at Erdenheim farm, near Philadelphia, famous as the birthplace of Parole, Iroquois, Sensation, Harold, Hyder-All, and many other famous flyers. During the past year Girofie, started 17 times, won 10, was second 4 times third twice and unplaced once. The total amount of her winnings for the year was \$18,790. Her most noteworthy performance was in the mile sweepstakes at the Long Branch summer meeting, when she ran a full mile in 1:41 $\frac{1}{2}$, beating two such good ones as Checkmate and Barrett. This was the fastest mile ever run on that track, and its performance stamps Girofie as one of the very highest class.



THE "PLUNGER'S" RACER.

THE AMERICAN MARE GIROFIE, LATELY EXPORTED TO ENGLAND.

A Cruel Murder.

Mrs. Mary McNamara, familiarly known as Mrs. Mack—a wealthy old woman about 70 years of age—was found April 15 dead in her room in a tenement house in Bohemian's alley, Rochester, N. Y. The condition of the body, which bore marks of violence, led to the suspicion that the deceased had been a victim of foul play, and this became a certainty when the autopsy took place. A neighbor then informed the coroner that a certain Ferdinand Buehl and his mistress, Mary Welch, who occupied an apartment adjoining Mrs. McNamara's, had entered the dead woman's room on the afternoon of the 14th and attacked her. The witness heard Mrs. Welch stamping on Mrs. McNamara, and the latter cry out, "Don't kill me. Let me live yet awhile. I want to see my grandson yet." The fight lasted about an hour. Buehl came home about 6 o'clock and the noise then ceased. About 8 or 9 o'clock Buehl and Mrs. Welch departed, carrying a bundle with them. Buehl, who was hiding in Rochester, was arrested the day following the murder. His mistress, however, eluded the vigilance of the police until the 24th, when H. H. Stanwell, a constable, at Newark, N. Y., recognized her from a written description of her person and took her into custody. The murderers are now awaiting trial in Rochester jail. The object of the crime was robbery. Most of the victim's jewelry was found on the female prisoner's person.



PHILIP B. THOMPSON,

THE KENTUCKY CONGRESSMAN WHO SHOT DOWN HIS WIFE'S SEDUCER IN A TRAIN.

Tragedy in Real Life.

Tragic episode in a Nashville and Chattanooga (Tenn.) train. The cars are running at a 35-miles-an-hour gait near Anderson, 45 miles from Chattanooga. Suddenly up jumps James Hawkins from his seat, whips out a revolver and shoots Bob Reaves, another passenger, through the heart. Hawkins then rushes to the platform and leaps off, breaking his neck. An inquiring crowd gathers about the two corpses, but no one knows what was the cause of the terrible deed. Both men hailed from Decherd, Tenn., and that is all that is known of their relations.



W. T. DODSON,

OF DANVILLE, VA., WHO TRIED TO GET HIS LIFE INSURANCE BY MURDERING A NEGRO.

fused to keep her promise. She had met someone there she liked better. He asked her out for a walk. While they were sauntering along he asked her again if she still persisted in her refusal to marry him. She answered in the affirmative, whereupon he drew a revolver and blew out what brains he had.

Probably a Victim of Foul Play.

Emery J. Gaffield, a well-to-do merchant, left his home in Cincinnati on the 1st of August, 1882—never to return. He had a large sum of money on his person, and his relatives are convinced that he has been robbed and murdered. The missing man was about 5 ft 8 in high, and weighed probably 180 lbs. On each of his arms were two designs in India ink, one representing the Crucifixion, one Fanny Kimball, the female pirate, one the American eagle, and one a sailor boy. He was in his 50th year, and at the time of his disappearance wore a suit of fine brown plaid with buttons of a horse-shoe design.

Congressman Thompson's Deed.

We publish this week a fine portrait of the Kentucky congressman, Philip B. Thompson, who shot and killed his wife's seducer, Walter Davis, on a train near Harrodsburg Junction, April 26. The story of the tragedy and the causes leading thereto, were fully told in last week's POLICE GAZETTE, to which we now refer our readers.

A Key to the Situation.

At a London West End establishment lately a burglar was caught red-handed in the strong room opening a safe containing a fortune, with a key as perfect as though it had been made originally for the lock. The man was convicted, and his prosecutors, out of curiosity, begged him to tell them how he got the key. "Nothing easier," he replied. "We knew who carried the key and what it was like; so me and my pals we gets into the same carriage with your manager when he's going home by rail. One of us has a bag which he can't open. Has any gentleman got a key? Your manager produces his bunch, and my

pal, he has wax in his palm, and takes a likeness of the key of the safe while seeming to open his bag. There's the secret for you."

Let Us Have Peace.

When a Reno (Nev.) man wants a night of peace and quiet, says a correspondent, he tells his wife he is going down town, and then goes and crawls under the bed. When she has got thoroughly mad at him for staying out she prepares to retire, quite resolved to give him a hurrah of a lecture when he returns. Of course, being alone in the house, she looks under the bed, sees a man, gives a yell and flees from the house to her mother's, two blocks away. In the morning she returns and her husband tells of a struggle with a burglar, and is implicitly believed.



TEACHING THEM THE GAME.

HOW A NEW YORK DRUMMER UTILIZED A BARREL AND SOAP BOXES TO EXPLAIN POKER DICE, AT CHESTER, OHIO.

unhappy by the charms of a leading actress, and intended to express his feelings by throwing her a splendid bouquet on the evening of her benefit. He secured a box, provided himself with the choicest flowers the local florists could furnish, and gave a *recherche* little dinner to three friends to whom he had confided his intention, and whom he also asked to share his box. The bouquet lay resplendent near his hand all evening; but he was so engrossed in the performance that one of his companions, an unconscionable wag, cut the string that bound the flowers together through and through. Of course when the moment came for throwing it to the lady, all the blossoms distributed themselves indiscriminately amongst the occupants of the pit and the members of the orchestra, amidst roars of laughter from the audience generally, and ironical cheers from the "upper story."

Sister Against Sister.

The trial and conviction of James Stringer in Lumpkin county, Ga., superior court for murder, which was concluded on April 30, had some dramatic features. He was indicted for the murder of a young man named Gaddis, which occurred four weeks ago. Evidence was mainly that of the wife of the murdered man, who testified that Stringer and two or three other men came to his house at 9 o'clock at night and called him out. Having heard of threats against him, he refused to go, but she went to the door to parley with them, and he endeav-

ored to escape by another door. Opening it, he made a noise which attracted their attention. They ran around the house in time to see him leap from the door, and his wife likewise rushing to that door, saw Stringer raise the pistol and fire, and saw her husband reel and the crowd follow him off. When Judge Estes pronounced sentence, the prisoner, who had been stoical and unmoved throughout the whole trial, arose and asked leave of court to say a few words to the wife of Gaddis, who had been the principal witness against him. The judge refused to do so, but told him he might say anything he desired to the court, if in a respectable and proper manner. At this he broke down utterly and wept bitterly, but offered no remarks. Stringer and Gaddis were both young men, and married sisters, each having been married but a short time. While the young widow, with her little babe at her breast, sat on

the stand and swore to Stringer's guilt, she looked straight into the eyes of her young sister, a girl almost a child, slender and helpless, who sat by the side of her guilty husband to hear her own sister swear her life away. It was a scene to make the stoutest heart stand still with horror.

A Love Tragedy.

Another love sick fool gone up the golden stairs. Harry Smith of Johnsbury, N. Y., went to Jamestown, Dakota, in pursuit of a young woman of his town who had promised to marry him. When he met her again in Dakota, however, she re-



FERDINAND BUEHL,

ACCOMPlice TO THE MURDER OF MRS. MCNAMARA; ROCHESTER, N. Y.



MARY WELCH,

THE FEMALE FIEND WHO MURDERED MRS. MCNAMARA FOR HER MONEY.



EMERY J. GAFFIELD,

A PROMINENT CINCINNATIAN, WHO HAS DISAPPEARED UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE
FEMALE SPORTS
OF
NEW YORK.
BY
ONE OF THEM.

CHAPTER IX.

A RICH BARGAIN.

They used to say 25 years ago that old Jack Blank's daughter was the worst girl in the ninth ward. Old Jack was a retired oysterman. He had made a fortune in the bivalve trade and retired to enjoy it. Being a widower he left his house to run itself while he talked politics and fishing in his pet barroom, and Maggie Blank grew up after the fashion which suited her best.

Maggie was then a girl of 10. By the time she was 15 she had half a dozen beaus. A year later one of them proved himself the best man and she left home with him.

In a month his money ran out and he shook her. Then she went back home. Old Jack received her almost as if she had never been away.

"Have you had a good time?" he asked.

"Bully," answered Maggie.

"All right. Gimme the beans."

Some months later Maggie gave visible evidence of having had a bully time. It assumed the form of a bouncing boy. The first time Maggie went out after the advent of her offspring she carried him with her. She went to the house of the father, rang the bell, and when her betrayer's mother opened the door, put the baby in her arms and said:

"Give him to Johnny. He belongs to him."

And Johnny had to keep him.

Shortly after this old Jack brought an old friend home to sleep one night. The old friend was a West India skipper. He was such a sturdy old sea dog that Maggie fell in love with him in spite of his gray hairs. When he sailed away she sailed with him.

They went to Kingston, Jamaica. There Maggie met an American, who ran a prosperous bar and billiard saloon. The American had married a native mulatto girl for her money, but this did not prevent his falling in love with Maggie. He established her in a handsome cottage, and kept her there till the yellow fever got the better of him a year later.

Then she packed up and moved back to New York. She found old Jack dead and his money gobblled up by the lawyers, so she had to shift for herself. This experience landed her in New Orleans, where, for five years, she was the reigning belle of one of the great palaces of pleasure which bleach the Crescent city.

She then returned to New York and settled in a house on Clinton place, well known and patronized by the sports of the town.

At about this time Alexander Briggs was a well-known commercial drummer of the Pacific slope. He was a popular and pushing man, and in those days of general prosperity made a great deal of money. He bought horses and ran them on their merits, and won a reputable name for himself as a patron of the turf. No stigma ever rested against his honesty, and he could only be called a gambler in the same sense as George Lorillard, Gen. Buford, or any other prominent horseman in the country.

Briggs having made a pile opened a hotel near San Francisco. He fitted it up in the best style and began to pull in the money fast. After a while he took a trip east. He belonged in New York, and wanted to see what it looked like after his absence of 15 years.

He put up at the Sinclair house. One of the bartenders and he became chums. One evening the bartender said:

"This is my night off, Aleck. Do you want to take a turn about town with me?"

Aleck did. They had a drink and went to a theatre. In a box was a very handsome woman to whom the bartender bowed.

"Who is she?" asked Aleck.

"One of the girls," replied his friend.

"You don't mean it."

"I do."

"Why, she looks like a real lady."

"She can be one when she wants to be."

Aleck looked at the "real lady" oftener than at the stage, till his friend noticed it, and observed:

"Stuck, eh?"

"Oh! no; only—"

"Pshaw, man, what's the use of denying it?"

"Well, I am, then."

"And you want to meet her?"

"Of course I do."

"All right, then."

"Can you fix it?"

"Of course I can."

"And will you?"

"To be sure."

After the act the bartender dropped in at the box. When he resumed his seat, he said:

"It's o. k."

"But for when?"

"To night."

"Where?"

"At Bigot's."

Bigot's was the swell after-theatre restaurant on Union square. When the two got there, the lady and her escort were supping off oysters and sauterne. The Californian was introduced, and ordered wine. That settled it. The escort went away in disgust and the champagne buyer took his place. Alexander Briggs was in a strange bed next day, and took Maggie out to breakfast.

They spent three weeks enjoying the sights of the city. Then he announced that he was going home.

"But you're not broke yet," said Maggie, ingenuously.

"Oh, no; but I've got to tend to business."

"I'm so sorry."

"So am I."

"We are such good friends."

"To be sure."

"What sort of a country is California, anyhow?"

"Would you like to come out and find out for yourself?"

"I don't know."

"It will be a nice trip."

"Will it?"

"Sure."

"All right then."

When Alexander Briggs returned to San Francisco he brought a lady with him, whom he introduced as his wife. She settled in a cottage which he had built for her in the grounds adjoining his hotel.

Mrs. Briggs soon became one of the familiar figures of San Francisco. She was a big, dashing woman, with a free manner and an independent spirit. Her extravagances became common talk. Her dressmaker's and milliner's bills were worthy of a princess, and she squandered money right and left in every way. Her purchases of shoes and gloves were made by the dozen and the box. The limit of a dress's usefulness with her was a week, and she rarely wore a hat the third time. She always ate with her gloves on, and when the fancy struck her would present wearing apparel by the quantity to the first woman she took a fancy to. She drove a fast team, disdaining the effete services of a coachman, and visited the restaurants of San Francisco alone or in company with a female companion with a lordly disregard for the conventional usages of society.

The only rival Mrs. Briggs possessed in her financial freedom was the then notorious Percy Bell, who never wore a dress that did not come from Worth's, and whose backers were the dissipated parvenues who formed the Bonanza and the California bank. Indeed, their rivalry advanced to that length that they came to blows over a champagne table at the hotel, where Percy Bell was an occasional visitor. On this occasion, it was said, the floor was strewn with magnificent diamonds torn by the irate Mrs. Briggs from the demi-mondaine's opulent person, and only the Interposition of the servants saved the belligerents from mutilation for life.

A striking trait in Mrs. Briggs's character was her fancy for dogs. Her house was a sanctuary for all the vagrant curs whose good fortune sent them across her path. She had them fed on meals specially cooked for them, and taught them numerous more or less edifying tricks. She possessed few friends of her own sex, and with these she was constantly quarreling. She was always, however, surrounded by a retinue of male admirers, with whom she breakfasted, lunched, dined, drove, and went to the theatre with a most unconventional disregard for the existence of Alexander Briggs, Esq. Whenever that person expostulated there was a row. Indeed, Mrs. Briggs would develop her pugnacious instincts on the slightest provocation. On one occasion, as the story goes here, returning late from a drive with some gentlemen friends, her husband remarked as he met her at the door that she had kept dinner waiting. Whereupon she promptly drew a silver dagger, which she used as a pin, from her hair, and stabbed him in the cheek.

It was generally believed that she was a scheming adventuress who had entangled Briggs in her toils. For some time he was believed to be married to her. Then it became noised about that she had herself boasted to the companions of her frolics that the only which bound her to him was one of convenience.

In spite of this, and of the embarrassments her extravagance plunged him in, the besotted hotel keeper prolonged his connection with her for six years. By this time he was practically beggared. She had, in the meantime, made the acquaintance of a young Englishman of good family, whose parents had sent him to America to break off involvements his dissipations had imposed on him in England. The Englishman introduced her to another Briton, a roving gentleman of large means, who was knocking about the world on a time murdering trip, and who was well known in San Francisco.

The burly Briton became a devoted worshiper at her shrine, and Alexander retired farther into the background than ever.

Only for a brief space, however. One morning Maggie was aroused from her chaotic slumbers by a hammering at the cottage door. When she got up she found a man nailing a printed notice to the house.

"What's all this?" she asked.

"Sheriff's notice," was the sententious response.

"Notice of what?"

"Attachment."

"Well, I'm d—," said Maggie. "You don't mean to say Aleck is broke?"

"Turned clean inside out."

That day Maggie packed up all her jewelry and the hotel silverware and went to town. Shortly after she came east with her English admirer.

They settled in New York and all went well for a couple of years. Then the gentleman took a drop to himself and went home. He left Maggie well fixed, however. That is to say, he left her with a handsome flat, gorgeously furnished, and a couple of thousand dollars to console her for his loss. He made this settlement in person and said, as he handed over the money:

"And now, Maggie, we are even."

"Not quite," she replied.

And she gave him a slash on the cheek with a penknife which she had held concealed in her hand.

"I want you to wear my mark," she said.

He tied his face up in his handkerchief and went away quickly, like the gentleman he was.

Maggie then settled down to live at the rate of \$60,000 a year without any capital. Six months or so after, the only son of a very rich merchant fell into her clutches. As an infant he received the name of Moses, but the liberal tendencies of the family as the old man grew rich induced the parents to change the names of their children, and so Moses became Edward, and later on Ed to his fast companions in the clubs and on the boulevard. Ed's inclination for Maggie was costing the "governor" too much money, and, as reproaches, menaces and entreaties had no effect on him, a friend was sent to interview the lady and ascertain her price, in order to induce her to "let go her grip" on the merchant's money bags.

"I have no objection to giving him the shake," said Maggie, to this agent of the family. "Heaven knows I am heartily ashamed whenever I have to go out with him, he is so ugly. I shall leave him with pleasure if you pay me my price."

"How much do you require?"

"Well, I will be frank with you. If my debts are paid—they amount to \$20,000—and you give me \$50,000 cash in hand, I will leave New York."

"What! \$70,000?"

"Yes; and not one cent less."

"But you are crazy."

"Oh, no; I'm not."

"It's a fortune."

"A very small one."

"We can't pay it."

"All right then."

"We'll have you arrested."

"Try it."

"You are a—"

"Never mind what I am. I'm not a sucker to give up a good thing for fun. You pay me or I'll never let him go. I'll work him for all he is worth, you bet."

They tried to reduce her price, but she was firm, and finally her terms were accepted, but only on condition that the money was not to be paid until she was in London, where she said she was going. Arrived in the English capital, Maggie waited patiently for the coming of the agent. Five days passed, and then he made his appearance with \$5,000, which he said was all the old gentleman would pay. Of course she refused to accept the sum, and she hastened back to New York. Twenty-four hours after her arrival the old gentleman from his orchestra seat at the opera saw his son and the siren drunk as a lord and lady in the highest priced box in the house.

This frightened him indeed, and next day he called on her in person. She received him coldly.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"To talk with you."

"Business?"

"Yes."

"Well, hurry up, for Ed and I have got an engagement to dine at Delmonico's with some friends."

The old man groaned.

"Oh, Lord!"

"Are you sick?"

"I am indeed."

"Well, I can cure you. Send the cash around in the morning."

"But \$70,000—"

"Who's talking of \$70,000? It amounts, with interest, to a \$100,000 now."

I don't know if the old man paid it, but Maggie certainly gave Ed the cut, and has been living in Paris ever since on some money or other. If it didn't come from papa's bank account, I'd like to know where it did emanate from.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JAMES L. KERNAN.

[With Portrait.]

The subject of this sketch is the second son of the late Jas. Kernan, Esq., one of the leading shipping merchants of Baltimore, Md., and was born in that city upon the 20th day of July, 1839. Kernan affiliated from conviction of conscience with the "lost cause," and, sacrificing everything, went south to unite his fortunes with the desperate chances of the southern confederacy. He became a member of the celebrated Baltimore light artillery, and by daring deeds soon won his spurs as lieutenant. He was connected as comrade in most of the heroic exploits of the late Col. Harry Gilmore, and was breveted major upon the field. He took part in all important events that transpired at that period in the valley of Virginia, and was eminently successful in various dashing raids, lending great aid to the cause of his conviction during the years 1863 and 1864. Upon one occasion, led by order in advance of his command, and surrounded by overwhelming numbers, he was wounded and captured, and confined as a prisoner of war at Point Lookout, and released only in time to find the fate of his cherished confederacy forever sealed. Maj. Kernan returned to the city of his birth, and, accepting the inevitable with good grace, settled down to more peaceful pursuits. In the year of 1866 he became the lessee of the old Baltimore opera house, a somewhat celebrated variety theatre, and, with a natural adaptation to the show business, at once set about elevating the standard of amusements of that character. He has rebuilt and altered his theatre several times, and now possesses in "Kernan's New Monumental theatre" one of the largest, handsomest, best conducted and most successful theatres in the country.

FEELING HIS OATS.

A Brooklyn Veterinary Surgeon's Eating Match With a Horse.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Brooklyn has a well-known veterinary surgeon of prodigious appetite and digestion. He is a terror to Brooklyn boarding house keepers, and it is the usual thing to give him warning to leave after he has stopped at a house for a week. Raw beefsteak is as acceptable to him as it would be to a cannibal. Recently he backed himself in the sum of \$150 to eat oats against a horse. On Tuesday last the match came off, man and horse eating oats out of the same trough. The horse got away with about a pint. The man got on the outside of nearly two quarts, and was declared the winner. It seems that he had filled the horse with oats and water before the match came off. Out of pity for the man's poor wife and little children we suppress his name.

THE OUTCAST FATHER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The vicinity of Madison square was treated to a queer tableau the other afternoon. A young and elegantly dressed lady who was promenading with a decidedly heavy young swell, suddenly left her escort's side and embraced a totter old vagabond who had been lounging in the sun on one of the park benches and who had arisen at her approach. The scene gathered quite a crowd, and the police had to disperse them. All that could be learned of its origin was

A SCHOOL OF VICE.

How the Young School Girls of Boston Are Lured to Beastliness.

A Clairvoyant Acting as Purveyor of Virgins to Lecherous and Wealthy Old Men of the "Hub."

Through all the horrid scandals and shocking crimes that fill the air and burden the telegraph wires from all parts of the country, moral Boston looms up with the boss specimen of vice. On April 20 a revelation of this wickedness set the Hub afame with horror and indignation, even in its highest social circles. She came about as follows, according to the records of a local scribe:

A woman named Mary Walcott, but styling herself Mme. Walcott, a medium and clairvoyant, 45 years of age, has kept a house of ill-repute at No. 133 Pleasant street, Boston, for some time past. A year ago she ran the same sort of business at No. 27 Carver street. She has been in the habit of enticing young girls, whose ages are between 14 and 16 years, into her nefarious business.

When they ceased to be useful to her, or there was a chance of discovery, she managed to get them engagements in variety theatres, in the chorus of comic operas or in the ballet of spectacles and induced them to run away on the dramatic routes. Thus conveying the idea that the girls were stage struck, her wickedness was masked, and the whole blame of the seduction was laid on the dramatic profession.

The police have on several occasions attempted to break up this den, but upon securing warrants could not use them, owing to inability to secure witnesses to testify. Supt. Adams and Capt. White of Station 4, have received numerous letters from citizens, stating the character of Mrs. Walcott's establishment and the tender ages of the occupants, and urging that steps might be taken to rid the city of the nuisance. The police thus urged, have worried the proprietress of the place to such an extent that she has been obliged to move several times during the year. In September last Mrs. Walcott became acquainted with a young girl of 14 years at the corner of Temple place and Washington street, and by some means allured her to her house, then at No. 27 Carver street. On Saturday, April 28, one of the girls was arrested, and upon information received from her sufficient to convict Mrs. Walcott of keeping a house of ill-fame, a warrant was procured, and, upon officers McCausland and Weldon going to serve the paper, she was found to have deserted her quarters at No. 133 Pleasant street.

After watching the house nearly all Saturday night, a little girl who had been seen to enter the house twice during the night was arrested, and divulgued that the woman's hiding place was at No. 19 Oxford street, whither the officers repaired and arrested Mrs. Walcott and the six remaining girls in her employ, whose ages vary from 14 to 16 years.

On April 30 the case of Mme. Walcott came up in the police court, and she was held to answer in the sum of \$4,500 on six charges of abduction and of keeping a house of ill-fame.

The testimony at this woman's hearing was that of six school girls, ranging from 14 to 16 years of age, whom she had enticed from good homes to assist her in pandering in various ways to low vices. The testimony was horrible and sickening to the last degree. The girls have been in the woman's power only since September last. Some of the girls attend school daily, going to the house after school hours to do whatever is required of them, and at about 9 o'clock in the evening return to their homes. They are kept in school for the purpose of procuring other school girls for like purposes.

An employee of one of the northern railroads who was called away from home recently, leaving his sick wife in charge of his little girl, returned the other day to find his wife dead and his girl an inmate of Mme. Walcott's den.

There is another den of a similar nature on Harrison avenue where some 16 girls of one school are similarly employed. Walcott's den is said to have been patronized by some of the wealthiest men in Boston. Her arrest is the result of weeks of detective work, and marks the beginning of a determined war on some half hundred women advertising under the guise of clairvoyants.

The developments in the case have served to create great excitement throughout the city. With possibly three or four exceptions the young girls are members of respectable families, and some of the families are held in high esteem. Much indignation prevails and threats to burn the house of Mme. Walcott are freely uttered. The names of the male visitors to the house have not as yet been ascertained. Detectives, however, have been engaged by the families of the schoolgirls, and their despilers will be hunted down. Then a series of suits for seduction will be begun. It is stated that many schools of the city have been corrupted in a like manner during the past year.

COUNTING THEIR CHICKENS.

The London Sporting Authority on Sullivan and Mitchell's Match.

"Pendragon" of the London *Referee* is much exercised regarding the result of the visit of Mitchell, the English boxer, to this country. He refers at length to the career of Sullivan and Mitchell's inability to get an early match on with him, and then says:

"Mitchell's only chance now lay in challenging the next best man in America. The next best man was not so easy to find. This is generally the case where the admitted champion is beyond anything like half of the second on the pugilistic headroll. Fortunately for Mitchell a man named Cleary has lately been rapidly advancing in public favor. Two or three times he has severely thrashed men who were at one time supposed to be able to make a running fight with even Sullivan himself. So when it was found that Cleary was ready and willing to spar three rounds under Queensberry rules with Mitchell, the giddy throng forgot Sullivan for the moment and turned to what promised them intense excitement in return for their dollars. According to a telegram published in London, Cleary made no show whatever in the encounter for points. Indeed the news goes still further than this, and more

than hints that he was beaten for endurance also. Mitchell is a very good lad, quick and clever, as quickness and cleverness go now, and he has more than once shown his capacity for both giving and receiving punishment. After what has been told me by English boxers who have been out in the states, and who express a sovereign contempt for American boxing, no particular reason exists why we should feel surprised that Mitchell made an example of Cleary. Sullivan stands right away from all other Americans, and no line can be obtained from Cleary as to what chance Mitchell will stand should the champion money maker at last concede him a meeting. At the same time it must not be forgotten that Mitchell, notwithstanding all that has been said about his being a comparatively little man, is as big as either Tom Sayers or Jim Mace was when either of them was at his best and fittest.

KNOCKED OUT BY HARD HEELS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A fight is on record in the courts at Pescadero, Cal., between a jack weighing 750 lbs, and a grizzly bear of about the same weight. The jack is owned by a man named Ipsie, and is a vicious brute. A man named Black, a raiser of blooded cattle in that neighborhood, had been troubled for several weeks by the visits of a grizzly, which killed and carried off a calf every night, and all his efforts to capture the bear had been unavailing. Finally, he advertised in several papers of the state, offering a reward of \$50 to any person who would kill the bear. Ipsie read the offer, and resolved to take his jack to the corral and see what the result would be.

Accordingly the jack was duly installed. In the night along came the grizzly, and seeing the jack and fancying a change of diet, he made an attack upon him; but as no one saw the fight it is only supposed that brain made the first overture. Anyway, next morning when the corral was visited, bear lay stark and dead and the jack was quietly feeding off the pile of hay. An inspection of him disclosed the fact that his breast and sides were fearfully lacerated by the bear's claws, and one of his fore feet was dislocated. But bruiser was "all broke up." He had his lower jaw smashed to pieces; all of his ribs on the port side were stove in, one of his fore legs was fractured at the shoulder, and he was generally smashed all over. Ipsie naturally claimed the reward of \$50, but Black refused to pay it, claiming that the jack was not a person and therefore was not entitled to the reward. All Ipsie's arguments failing, he resolved to have recourse to law, and accordingly suit has been brought.

PISTOL FIGHTS IN MONTANA.

Off-Hand Affairs Ending Fatally, but Exciting Little Remark.

The usual lively state of affairs exists in Montana, the shooting scrapes being still plenty enough to preserve the old-time reputation of the state.

On April 14 there was a row in Stevensville, in which a man named Lyons shot one McEwen, killing him instantly. After the shooting Lyons went into Stevensville, where he purchased a coffin and a suit of grave clothes for the dead man and then surrendered himself to the sheriff, saying he had been compelled to kill McEwen in self defense. The coroner's jury discharged Lyons from custody.

At Helena, Mont., colored man named William Brooks, but better known as "Tex," was shot and instantly killed by Patrick Muir, alias Lamb. Muir and Brooks met on the sidewalk in front of the Post office, and Lamb made some insulting remarks to Brooks, who instantly resented it, and ran toward Lamb with clenched fist as if to strike him, but before he could get close enough to strike the blow Lamb drew his revolver and fired, the ball hitting Brooks in the head and penetrating the brain. Brooks had the reputation of being a fighting man, and was greatly feared among the colored people, but science doesn't count in Montana.

A BUNCH OF HORRORS.

A lad named Barnard Trentin was caught by four boys on the outskirts of Litchfield, Ill., on April 28, and frightfully tortured. Among other cruelties the young fiends cut off his hair with a jack-knife and tore out the greater part of it by the roots. All the actors in this barbarous affair were schoolboys.

At Temple's Mills, Florida, on April 26, Pink Bleeker whipped his nephew till he was covered with blood. He then tied the boy in a chimney, head downward, and roasted him until the flesh dropped. He then took the boy down and threw cold water on him, adding to the torture.

At Fort Worth, Texas, on April 26, Albert Jolly and his wife were arrested for brutally whipping a little orphan girl, Lucy Grimes, 8 years old. A cowhide was used, and the wounds inflicted were terrible. The blows on the poor girl's legs cut through the flesh to the bone. The child, it is said by the physicians, can not live.

KISSING FOR FAVORS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The rage to cross the Brooklyn bridge before its formal opening is daily increasing, and crowds can be seen, from the POLICE GAZETTE office windows, crossing at all hours. Not all of these get their passes from the puffy, snobbish authorities that have decided to christen this great work of American enterprise on the queen's birthday. A lot of the shop girls of Brooklyn have found the open sesame to the barred gates. By the bright light in the morning any number of them can be found clustered around a susceptible Irishman who guards the wicket on the Brooklyn side. They have themselves fixed the toll at a kiss, and the good-natured Hibernian is having a happy time collecting it.

SAVE THE BILL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The New York society papers are authority for the statement that at a recent reception up town a lady appeared in a magnificent toilette with a placard pinned to the back bearing the inscription "Save the bill till I'm married." The father of the young man she was engaged to is said to have been so overcome by the advertisement that he had the match broken off. The placard is said, furthermore, to have been gotten up by a young lady, who had herself been casting sheep's eyes on the intended bridegroom. Funny things than this happen in New York society daily; and, though it may not be true, it is by no means impossible.

A PARSON HANGED.

The Awful Crime for Which a Negro Preacher Suffered the Death Penalty.

The colored preacher, Frazier Copeland, convicted of the murder of W. J. Hunnicutt on the night of December 2, 1882, was hanged at Walhalla, S. C., on April 27. He died game, protesting his innocence, after having offered up a prayer for himself on the gallows. The murder for which Copeland was executed was the first ever committed in Oconee County, S. C. It was perpetrated on the night of December 2, 1882. Mr. Hunnicutt, with his son, aged 10 years, left his home in Keowee township, nine miles distant from Walhalla, to market three bales of cotton, on the afternoon of December 2. He reached Walhalla about the middle of the afternoon, sold his cotton, paid some bills and left the town for home. When about half a mile from the town he stopped at a blacksmith shop to have a mule shod. There he was detained until 7 o'clock, when he left the shop and went to West Union, a village one mile from Walhalla. In going through this village he was passed by a negro man who was in a fast walk. Immediately afterward the negro stopped upon the wayside and asked Mr. Hunnicutt's permission to ride a short distance with him on his wagon. The request was granted, and he rode for nearly a quarter of a mile, when he got down. Hunnicutt told the negro he could ride further if he wished. The negro replied by striking Hunnicutt a severe blow on the left side of the head, fracturing the skull and pressing it in four or five inches. A similar blow though not quite so severe, was dealt to the son. Both father and son were knocked off the wagon, and pools of blood, with hair from the head of the son, cut from the wounds, were found on the spot next morning.

After the brutal deed had been committed and Mr. Hunnicutt robbed, the murderer, supposing that both of his victims were dead, fastened them upon the wagon and started the mules in the direction of Mr. Hunnicutt's home. Three hundred yards from the place of the murder, Cane creek, a large stream, runs across the public road. On the abutment of the bridge over this creek the little boy was thrown from the wagon. This fall brought the poor boy to consciousness again. He rose to his feet, staggered upon the bridge and against one of the banisters, which prevented his fall into the creek. When he had gone over the bridge he climbed upon the rear of the wagon and rode down Cane creek and through a dense forest to a stillhouse. There the mules, hitherto left to their own guidance, ran the wagon against a stump by the roadside. Little Hunnicutt, with his wounds still bleeding, extricated the wagon, mounted one of the mules and went home, a distance of six miles. He reached home about 11 o'clock at night and made known to his mother the terrible death of his father. Mrs. Hunnicutt and her daughter, 18 years of age, went to the wagon and there found Mr. Hunnicutt fastened by the leg to the stay chains of the wagon, with his head dragging on the ground. They loosened the chains and took the dead husband and father from the wagon and placed him upon a quilt, and there watched him until the alarm was given to their neighbors. The little boy, although remembering all the incidents of the attack and his fearful ride home, could be of no assistance to the coroner in giving a clew by which the murderer might be detected.

The whole community was, however, aroused by the enormity of the crime, and every effort was made to detect the perpetrator. A large crowd gathered at the scene of the murder on Sunday morning, and every means was used to get some clew by which the guilty party might be brought to justice. Among those who came to the place was Frazier Copeland, a negro preacher. Copeland was very talkative, and his conduct and demeanor at once aroused suspicion. He lived at the stillhouse, where the wagon had been caught upon the stump the night previous. His house was searched and a pair of pantaloons sprinkled with blood was found. Upon this circumstance and his suspicious demeanor, he was arrested and put in jail. A day or so afterward Copeland sent for the sheriff and confessed that he had seen Hunnicutt at Moore's shop and had passed him there; that he had gone on his way home beyond Cane creek bridge when he remembered Sunday was communion day in his church, and that, having no wine, he went back to West Union for some. That on his way back he passed Mr. Hunnicutt drunk and staggering behind the wagon, and that he saw a man named White kill Hunnicutt. At the trial the circumstantial evidence, corroborated by young Hunnicutt's testimony, was so convincing that the jury convicted him after twenty minutes' absence from court.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

What is Doing in the Churches, and Who the Churchmen are "Doing."

On Sunday morning, April 29, while the Rev. Florence McCarthy was engaged in the service of the R. C. church of St. Cecilia at Herbert and North Henry streets, Brooklyn, an old lady, Mrs. Cronin, suddenly arose from among the kneeling congregation and shouted at Father McCarthy, "You have insulted my daughter, and if you meddle with her again I will shoot you." The daughter referred to was a young woman named Bridget, aged 18, who had been publicly dismissed the previous Sunday from her position as organist of the church. Father McCarthy denied the soft impeachment, and Mr. Cronin shook his fist at him and said he was a liar. The Cronin family was carried out by a strong force of Christians, after much trouble and excitement. Mrs. Cronin alleged in explanation that the priest had sent for the young lady, and was in bed playing sick when she came. He got out of bed and when she retired to the reception room, he followed her there, threw her on the lounge and kissed her. Father McCarthy has sued the Cronins for \$20,000 damages for defamation of character.

A YEAR ago the Baptists of Jamaica, Vt., were in an "all break up" condition, owing to an anti-Mason wrangle into which the congregation had got. The trouble was settled by the arrival of a new pastor some months ago. He at once started a revival that healed all differences, and even induced the members to shell out \$1,500 for improvements to the church edifice. He was a great favorite among the sisters, and his time was entirely occupied in pastoral visits. Three weeks ago the leading lawyer in town began to complain of the beloved pastor's intimacy with his young wife, and other husbands and fathers began to talk of cowhides and tar and feathers. Then the pastor skipped, and has not been seen since.

MRS. MARY JOHNSON, wife of the temperance lecturer, who is figuring in the last Brooklyn scandal, was a member of Dr. Cuyler's church, in that city, until her husband went away for a year's stay in the antipodes. Then she joined Beecher's church, where she was near the middle-aged broker who, Johnson says, wronged him. As usual, whenever a Plymouth church member, from the parson down, is accused of this style of business, there is enough underhand influence in the town and its press to start the cry of blackmail. They are trying to scare off the temperance man by asserting that he is after a boddie. That's what they said about Tilton, you will remember. They're a tough lot to fall atoul of, these beloved brethren and sisters.

• • •

HE PUT UP--SHE SHUT UP.

A Shocking Scandal, Which Has Been Gagged With a Big Boddle.

Mortimer Fleet, Jr., resides with his father, Mortimer Fleet, Sr., a wealthy farmer in Munson township, a few miles south of Genesee, Ill. Lately there was employed in his father's household as a domestic, one Clara Augusta Larson, of Swedish birth, who, up to the time of her engagement with the Fleets, had borne a good name. The girl went to Moline lately. On April 20 she went to Genesee to see Fleet, and returned that day to Moline, walking from Coloma to Moline, a distance of 12 miles. On the 21st she gave birth to a child at Moline, her confinement being probably hastened by the previous day's walk. When the affair became known to the authorities at Moline, Magistrate Mapes and Marshal Henderson took the girl's affidavit, and a warrant for Fleet's arrest was issued. Marshall Henderson went to the fleet residence and arrested Mortimer and took him to Moline. As the girl seemed willing to make a settlement, he paid her \$150 and the costs, and was given a "quit claim" by Miss Clara. Young Fleet publishes the following account of the affair:

"In regard to the foregoing story, as related by the girl Clara Augusta Larson, I wish to enter a complete and emphatic contradiction, so far as I am in any way mentioned therein as responsible for her misfortunes. A man is necessarily at the mercy of women making such charges, being compelled either to resort to the courts and expensive litigation to disprove them or to rely upon previous integrity of character. My friends and acquaintances know whether my denial is more worthy of credence than the story trumped up against me; and upon their judgement I am willing to rest the case."

MORT. FLEET."

A POLICEMAN MURDERED.

A Brutal Crank Resents an Order to Move On by Killing an Officer.

Policeman Francis Mallon accosted a stranger in a doorway on the south side of Catharine street, New York, and told him to move on. The man refused to do so, and Mallon attempted to make him. The stranger, without further provocation, as it is alleged, drew a pistol and shot him. The ball entered the forehead and Mallon fell. As he lay on the sidewalk the stranger fired two other shots, both bullets taking effect in the head.

The only witness to the affair was Joseph Sullivan of 55 Oak street. Policemen Gilbright and Clarke were within 50 yards of the place of the shooting. As they approached the man fired two shots at them. Neither shot, however, was effective.

In the Oak street station the prisoner said that his name was Michael Sullivan, and that he lived at 33 Catharine street. The policemen who arrested him said they had to club him into submission. His head was covered with blood. He was sent to the hospital. Mallon was 35 years old. He was a single man and lived with his sisters at 747 Sixth street. He was appointed on the force Sept. 19, 1874. His superiors say he was one of the most inoffensive men in the precinct.

Mallon's pistol was found in his pocket. It had evidently not been drawn.

A WICKED PAIR EXPOSED.

A Couple of Lovers Suffocated by Gas in a Scranton Hotel.

A wicked couple were exposed in a most summary and awful way at Scranton, Pa., on Sunday, April 29. On that day James McGrath of Forrest City, Pa., arrived at the Scranton house with a young and handsome woman, who was supposed to be his bride. They were assigned a room, and retired early. On Monday morning both were found in their room unconscious, having blown out the gas the night before. McGrath was on his face on the floor, having evidently arisen, after being awakened by the escaping gas, and attempted to crawl to the burner and turn it off. Neither recovered consciousness, notwithstanding the efforts of the physicians who were summoned, and, as the doctors said both would probably die, a good deal of sympathy was aroused over the sad fate of the supposed bridal couple.

On Tuesday, however, the mother of McGrath arrived; and said her son was not married, and that his companion was Ida Beto, the daughter of a farmer in Susquehanna county. She had always before borne a good character.

THE FATE OF CHARLEY MCCOMAS.

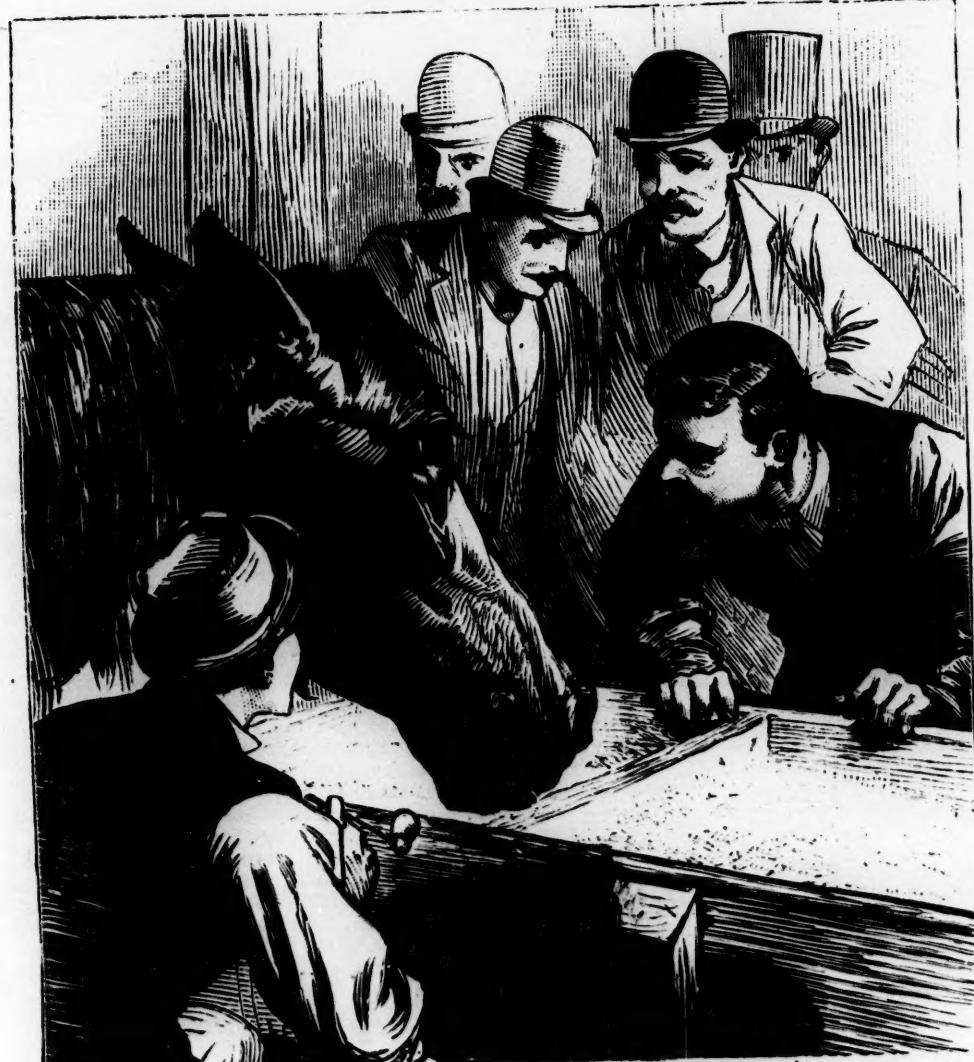
The Little Boy Murdered by His Cruel Apache Captors.

Intelligence was received at Tucson, Ariz., on April 26, that the little boy Charley McComas, captured by Indians, as already reported in the POLICE GAZETTE, has been killed by his captors. A White mountain Apache, who was one of the parties accessory to the abduction, told one of the employees at San Carlos that when about four leagues from the reservation the Indians had grown tired of the burden of caring for the boy, as he could not ride or care for himself, and they knocked him in the head with a rock and killed him. The Indians offered to guide anyone to the place of the crime and show him the body. The relatives of the child are making efforts to recover the remains.



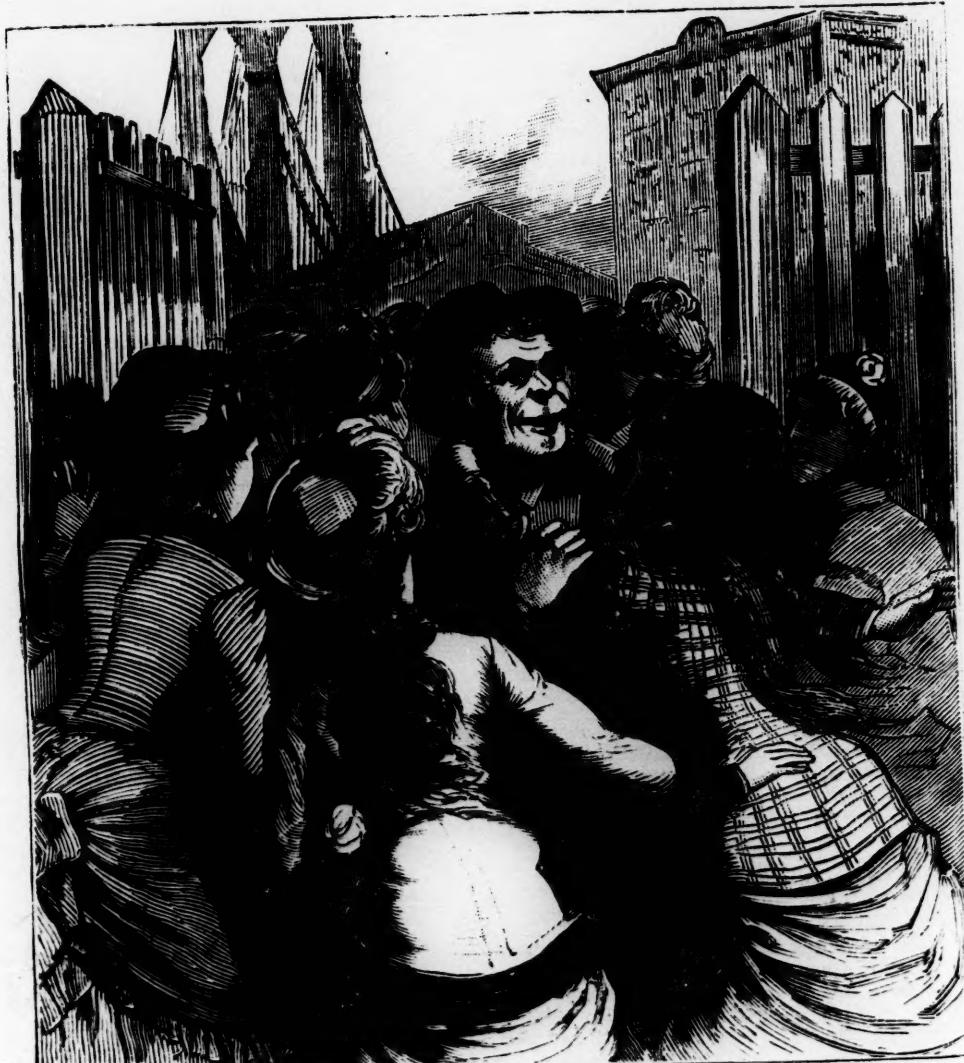
BANDITS AT BAY.

A PARTY OF TENNESSEE OUTLAWS, DRIVEN INTO A CAVE, SHIELD THEMSELVES BY PLACING WOMEN AND CHILDREN AS TARGETS.



FEELING HIS OATS.

A BROOKLYN VETERINARY SURGEON MATCHES HIMSELF TO OUTWEAT A HORSE, AND COMES OFF WINNER.



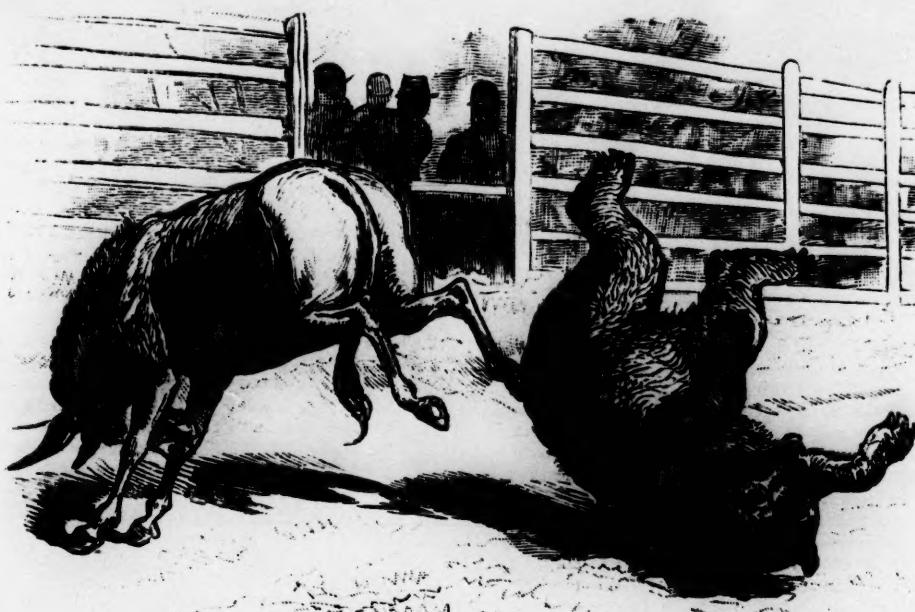
A NEW RAID ON THE BRIDGE.

A PARTY OF SHOP GIRLS PAY THEIR TOLL IN KISSES TO A GOOD-NATURED GATE-KEEPER ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG RESCUES A WOMAN FROM THE WAVES.



KNOCKED OUT BY HARD HEELS.

A LIVELY SET-TO BETWEEN A JACKASS AND A BEAR.



HOW SHE BROKE HER UP.

THE NEAT DEVICE OF A NEW YORK BELLE TO SPOIL A SWELL MATCH AND SAVE A LOVER FOR HERSELF.

THE PRIZE RING.

Doings and Prospects of the Stars of the Pugilistic World.

Sullivan and Mitchell in Training, and the Lightweights, Fulljames and Gilmore, Still Talking Fight.

The next great event in prize ring circles will be the glove contest at Madison square garden, N. Y., on May 14, between John L. Sullivan, the champion of America and Charley Mitchell, the champion of England. Since the great contest between "Tug" Wilson and Sullivan at Madison square garden last year, there has been noistic engagement that has commanded such interest as the meeting of the champions of the new and old worlds. Mitchell, with his right bower, Wm. Madden, has gone to Saratoga, N. Y., in order to exercise and get himself in first class condition for the important sparring contest which he has on his hands. Sullivan is preparing for the encounter under the able mentorship of Patsy Sheppard mine host of the Abbey in Hayward place, Boston, and there is not the least doubt that the champion will be in first class fix. It was supposed that Mitchell would not have had what the English champion terms "pleasure" of meeting Sullivan, owing to the latter's unfortunate and untimely indisposition, but we are happy to announce that "Sullivan is himself again." Many supposed, when the wires flashed the news to the POLICE GAZETTE office that Sullivan had a severe hemorrhage, that the champion's fighting days were over, but we are pleased to learn that such is not the case. It was stated pretty generally, and believed by many that Sullivan's illness was the inevitable result of hard training. This is all nonsense. No athlete is in danger of injuring his constitution by a regular routine of training, but must derive benefit from such judicious exercise. Hanlan, for instance, trains as fine as any man in the world, but after he rows a race he does not relax and build himself up on fine wines, as Sullivan and other famous athletes have been wont to do. The idea of pugilists dying from consumption is all bosh. If they do, it is not from training or fighting, but in consequence of a series of debauches.

John C. Heenan, Charley Gallagher and probably two or three others died from the dreaded disease, but these are exceptions, and no one can say that either training or fighting was the cause. Heenan, as every one is well aware, contracted the disease from dissipation, and from one of the most finely built men physically he became a total wreck in a very short time. Sullivan's attack will no doubt be a warning to many of the careless ones of the athletic profession, as well as to the champion himself. Many sporting men assert, though, that the champion's illness was feigned; that he saw "a danger light" in Mitchell, and that he was carrying out the same tactics that Courtney followed when he was matched to row Hanlan, so that if defeated he would have an excuse. We give no credence to these rumors. It is our opinion that Sullivan over enjoyed himself and he had to pay the piper for too much dancing. It is too bad, that Sullivan should have been attacked with sickness when he had so important an engagement on hand for it must be understood that on May 14 he will have to meet one of the greatest pugilists who has stood in the orthodox 24 foot ring since Jim Mace was in his prime.

Mitchell stands 5 ft 8 1/2 in in height, and will weigh, on May 14, about 158 lbs. Sullivan will stand two inches over Mitchell and will weigh probably about 170 lbs, so that the difference in height and weight will not be so great a handicap as many imagine. Sporting men from all parts of the country are coming to New York to witness the great scientific display, and we have not the least doubt but large sums of money will be wagered on the result. Mitchell is confident that he will establish the fact that he is a more scientific boxer than Sullivan, while the champion's followers are eager for the meeting, and confident that the champion will show to his usual good advantage. We have been overrun with communications from various parts of the country asking if the recent prize fight arranged between Herbert A. Slade and Chas. Mitchell, is a genuine match. In reply to one and all we state that to the best of our belief, and as far as Mitchell and Wm. Madden are concerned, the match is genuine. Harry Hill is the final stakeholder, and now holds \$2,000, \$1,000 posted by Slade's backer and \$1,000 posted by Mitchell. The following is a copy of the regular articles of agreement furnished by William Madden, which will explain the matter:

"Articles of agreement entered into the 21st day of April, between C. Mitchell of Birmingham, England, and Herbert A. Slade of New Zealand. The said Mitchell and the said Slade agree to fight a fair stand up fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, by which the said Mitchell and Slade hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight to be for the sum of \$2,500 a side, and shall take place on the 11th day of September, 1883, within 200 miles of Kansas City, the man winning the toss to give 10 days' notice of the place. The men shall be in the ring between the hours of 8 a. m. and 4 p. m., or the man absent to forfeit the battle money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne mutually, share and share alike. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$1,000 is now deposited, and the remaining deposit of \$1,500 a side is to be put up on the 31st day of July, 1883, with the final stakeholder. The toss for choice of ground to take place on the day of final deposit. The second deposit shall be put up not later than 11 p. m. on the day aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amount due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down."

It will be seen by the above that the match was arranged in the regular way, and if Slade does not fall out with Mace he may return to this country and the match go on. In regard to the result of the mill it is too far distant to discuss, but when we see Mace and Slade again in this country and the New Zealand Hercules in training, we will then "plump" the winner.

After Harry Gilmore, the Canadian lightweight champion, came to this city and announced that he was ready to fight George Fulljames, we expected there would have been a prompt matching of the men. Fulljames proved that he was willing to mill and for a large stake, for he posted \$100 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE, and challenged Gilmore to fight for

\$1,000 a side and the lightweight championship of America. After Fulljames had posted \$100 with us, we were certain that where there was so much smoke there must be some fire. Gilmore, though has not covered the \$100 posted with this journal; but, from his headquarters at Arthur Chambers' Chambers' Rest at Philadelphia, he sends the following card:

"PHILADELPHIA, May 4, 1883.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: "SIR—Some time ago George Fulljames of New York sent to a gentleman in Toronto, Ont., a letter in which he proposed that I should go to the former city for the purpose of fighting him, distinctly stating in said letter that he could raise a purse of \$500 for us to contend for. He also said that he was anxious to meet me, as he did not want me to be tickling him with my mouth, etc. On seeing the letter alluded to I at once made arrangements to come to the states, and arrived in this city some days ago. In company with Arthur Chambers I went to New York on the occasion of Charles Mitchell's recent benefit, and during our visit we called upon Fulljames in reference to the matter, presuming that he would be prepared to arrange for the meeting proposed by himself. We were disappointed, however, Fulljames declining to do as he had promised, on the plea that it was not a good time to get up a match. After arguing the question for some time we took our departure, satisfied that for some reason he had altered his mind and did not intend to fight. Shortly afterward he published a challenge to me to fight for \$1,000 a side within a certain distance of Jersey City. It is hardly necessary to say that in doing this he showed that he did not mean fighting, as he knew it would not be accepted, for the reason that no such fight could be brought off in that locality. I am ready and anxious to meet Fulljames for a purse of \$500, according to his own proposition, and whenever he notifies me that he has screwed his courage up to a point where it will stick I will be found prepared to do what I came here for. Respectfully,

HARRY GILMORE."

We expected that Gilmore's card would settle all prospects of a match, but George Fulljames called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 30 and decided not to withdraw the \$100 he recently posted, but to make another proposition to Gilmore and his backers, which proves he is eager to fight.

The following is Fulljames' businesslike proposition, which is furthermore backed up with a one hundred-dollar treasury note:

"NEW YORK, April 30.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"SIR—I expected, after all the talk my pupil, Harry Gilmore, had made about being eager to fight me, that he would have covered the \$100 I deposited with the POLICE GAZETTE, and would have accepted the challenge in which I offered to fight him for \$1,000 a side and the lightweight championship of America. Instead of covering my money, however, he proposes to fight for a purse of \$500, and intimates that if I would agree to arrange a match to fight at any other point than within 100 miles of Jersey City his backers would find him the money. Now, to let the sporting public know I mean business, I have left \$100 with the POLICE GAZETTE, and I am prepared to meet Harry Gilmore and his backers any time they appoint at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match to fight for \$1,000 and the lightweight championship of America, the fight to be decided either within 100 miles of Pittsburgh, Pa., or within 100 miles of Buffalo, N. Y. Gilmore will now, I think, have no alternative but to cover my money and name day to meet to sign articles. I will not take the bother of fighting for any purse, so if Gilmore does not decide to fight upon the fair terms I propose, the public will know he is afraid to do so.

"GEORGE FULLJAMES."

The proposition of Fulljames bristles with business, his money proves it and all Gilmore and his backers have to do is to put up or shut up.

The case of Jerry Dunn, the well known sporting man of Chicago, indicted for the killing of James Elliott, the pugilist, was called at the criminal court, Chicago, before Judge Jamison, on April 20. Dunn was represented by Messrs. Munn & Storrs, who applied for a change of venue on the ground of alleged prejudice of Judges Anthony and Jamison, and the application was readily granted. It was finally settled that the case should be tried before Judge Sydney Smith, on May 7. In reference to this unfortunate affair, we clip the following from an exchange:

"Those who witnessed the immense turnout at the funeral of the murdered pugilist, James Elliott, March 11, and read of the benefit given at the Madison square garden, March 15, for his aged mother, supposed that the grief-stricken old lady would be well provided for. We have reliable information to the effect that this is far from being the case. Out of the receipts of the benefit, with its flourish of trumpets, Mrs. Elliott got but \$96, and that was not given to her until April 14, lavish expenditures reducing the total to this small sum. It is also stated that of the money advertised as having been given to Mrs. Elliott, \$100 which a certain prominent pugilist had the credit of having contributed has not yet been seen by the lady, and we might also add that the alleged promise to pay the funeral expenses, free of costs to the relatives, was a promise that has not been fulfilled."

The readers of the POLICE GAZETTE will remember that Richard K. Fox proposed to arrange a mammoth benefit for Mrs. Elliott, pay all expenses and hand the receipts over to the deceased pugilist's mother. Just as the POLICE GAZETTE had all arrangements completed for the affair other parties undertook to arrange a show, and Mr. Fox withdrew from the enterprise. The result is told in the above paragraph. If the benefit had been arranged and managed by Richard K. Fox the mother of the late James Elliott would have received at least calculation \$1,000.

Last week we published a card from Billy Madden, in which he paid his compliments to Mike Donovan. The following explains itself:

"NEW YORK, April 27.

"Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

"DEAR SIR—I read in your last week's issue a very scurrilous card from Madden. The whole thing is a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end. In justice to myself and friends I reply to it. I challenged Mitchell in good faith at 145, knowing that he fought at 144 lbs in his sparring matches in London. As Madden did not accept my challenge to Mitchell, I deem it the height of folly for him to endeavor to mislead the public by insinuating that I am afraid to meet Mitchell. I stand ready to make a match at that weight, or will spar him at any weight. Madden's statement that he trained me is false; he was with me at Rockaway 10 days, and in that time never put a hand on me. Madden knew nothing about training. I would not even allow him to rub me, his hands being sore. I can thank

the kind and good-natured Steve Taylor for any care I got at that time. Madden speaks of me as a fifth-class pugilist. I have fought the best men of my weight in this country. I have a record of 10 battles, and never had to strike my colors once. Madden has had two fights, one with Jim Taylor of Chicago, who was almost blind from near-sightedness; the other a boy named Gallagher, in New Orleans, blind in one eye. That don't compare very well with my record.

"Relative to the Rookie fizzle in Canada on account of police interference, we were afterwards ordered to fight at Cone Island at daylight in the morning. I was there at daylight, stripped and ready to fight at a moment's notice. The Rookie party did not put in an appearance until two hours later, the police putting in an appearance about the same time also. Ed Mallon, Rookie's backer, can vouch for the above. For that meeting I was under the care of Jim Smith for 10 days. Speaking of fifth-class fighters, Madden belongs to that class. He cannot rank with me, as everybody knows. If he thinks he can, I will give him \$50 if I can't tick him in a half hour, he to use his bare hands, I using boxing gloves. If he is a man, now let him come to the front, and not hang on the fringe of Mitchell's power as a boxer. He can find me at my rooms any afternoon he wishes to call. I will then prove that he is one of the biggest cowards in America. I want no more newspaper talk. Let Madden come to the front. Yours very respectfully,

MIKE DONOVAN."

ANOTHER CHRISTIAN SCANDAL.

A Bright Light of Beecher's Church Accused of Awful Doings With an Elderly "Sister."

The Plymouth church (Brooklyn) is again involved in an awful scandal. Eli Johnson, the famous temperance lecturer, went off to Australia for eight months on a temperance mission, backed by the Christians of Rev. Dr. Cuyler's church, of which he and his wife Mary were members. He left Mary in a tony boarding house on the heights, corner of Remsen and Pierrepont streets. While he was away she was frequently visited by Henry A. Higley, a wealthy grain merchant doing business in New York, and a prominent member of Henry Ward Beecher's congregation. When Johnson returned home on March 12, 1883, he had a reception in the Academy of Music, which was managed by Higley, and at which appeared Beecher, Cuyler, Talmage and all the big guns of the Brooklyn pulpit.

Early in April, however, Johnson began to smell a rat in regard to the Christian relations of his wife and Higley. He put detectives on the pair, but found his wife reading a letter from Higley, which proved that the spies had been bought off by him, and were posting him in regard to the husband's movements. Then Johnson had it out with his wife, and they separated. He, on April 30, began suit in the supreme court of King's county against Higley for \$100,000 damages. In his complaint the Christian temperance man made the following astounding charges against the Christian merchant: "That the defendant, while this plaintiff was temporarily absent, and during the months of February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December, 1882, and January, February, March, April, 1883, wickedly, willfully, and maliciously debauched and carnally knew the said Mary C. Johnson, without the privity or consent of the plaintiff."

This fairly paralyzed Brooklyn, and took away the breath of the church people of the Beecher and Cuyler congregations. Delegations undertook to calm Johnson, but he wouldn't be calmed. He would have it out, and grew "cussed" over it. He evidently has had enough of Christians of all kinds. If he had only read the POLICE GAZETTE! But now it is too late.

Mr. Johnson has affidavits in his possession, made by employees of the Remsen house, which represent that during Mr. Johnson's absence in Europe Mr. Higley was a constant visitor that he "went," as one of them states, "to the lady's (Mrs. Johnson) room without sending up his name. * * * that I found the door often locked with Mr. Higley and Mrs. Johnson inside. * * * Sometimes they would go out together and return at 10 or 11 o'clock. * * * This he continued to do until the third night before Mr. Eli Johnson returned."

Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson were both born in Ohio, and were married in 1850 in Indiana, at which time the former was 23 years of age and the latter 19. They were both Quakers, and were married according to the ceremony which prevails in that denomination. They have never had any children.

BANDITS AT BAY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The residents of Mitchell county, Tennessee, turned out en masse on April 30 to hunt a band of robbers who, for months, have been committing depredations in East Tennessee and Western North Carolina. So rapidly their crimes follow one after another, and so quickly did they move from place to place, that the inhabitants of towns visited by the desperadoes had well nigh despaired of ever bringing the outlaws to justice.

Thousands of dollars worth of property has been stolen and much more destroyed, but it was not until lately that any evidence forming a direct clew to the perpetrators of the outrages was obtained. This evidence was all the more difficult to obtain because of the isolated haunts of the robbers. Scarcely a cave or gorge in the mountains in this section of the country was unknown to them, and the several small parties that started out from different villages to track them to their headquarters had great difficulty in following them over the rocky fastnesses in the mountains. Coming upon them suddenly some time ago, a party of citizens shot and killed Bill Pritchard, the notorious leader of the gang.

Since the death of "Bill" Pritchard the gang has been under the leadership of his son, who inherits all the desperate characteristics of his father. On the night of April 29 the band, after they had burned a sawmill and twenty head of cattle in Mitchell county, were run to earth in a cave. A desperate battle followed, and the robbers, finding their escape cut off, covered the entrance to the cave with several women and children, who were evidently captives and made good their flight. The pursuing party raised their rifles to fire on the robbers as they left the cave, but, seeing that the women must be mercilessly sacrificed, desisted from shooting directly, but a lively fusillade was carried on over the heads of the defenceless women.

The outlaws left in the cave a paper on which was written a vow of vengeance on the citizens of the county for the death of "Bill" Pritchard. The people are now determined to hunt the band down at all hazards, and lynch law will most certainly prevail when they are captured.

THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

A Malicious Attempt to Cast Discredit Upon His Account of the Vanderbilt Ball.

The religious editor of the POLICE GAZETTE has for many years been a warm friend of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. It is true that Mr. Beecher has not invited the editor to occupy his pulpit, but the reverend gentleman has given greater evidences of his friendship. He and Plymouth church have never failed to respond to the religious editor's call for news, and have supplied more interesting matter for the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE than any other church or pastor in all this broad land. Once more the religious editor has to make his acknowledgements to Plymouth church, on this occasion for the romantic story of Mrs. Johnson's and Mr. Higley's loves.

The story might be told in brief by simply stating that the persons named are both married, and are members of Plymouth church. But for the benefit of some of our out-of-town readers who are not as familiar as city folk with the methods of the church referred to, the Johnson Higley case is given at length in another column.

In San Francisco, that city of the Pacific slope with which civilization has so long struggled in vain, lives a newspaper man who is envious of the writer's popularity among the clergy and first circles of the educated east. He writes for the San Francisco Evening Post, which, it is but fair to state is one of the liveliest papers published in benighted California. This poor, jealous-minded man, whose only associates probably are Digger Indians and Chinamen, attempts to cast discredit upon the religious editor's account of the great Vanderbilt ball. When he read of the magnificent reception given to the POLICE GAZETTE's representative at the swell affair, his mind doubtless reverted to the only shirt he possessed, and that in the wash. Contrasting his wretched surroundings with the religious editor's splendor, the San Francisco man, in the bitterness of his heart, wrote the annexed:

"The snowclad cheek, the arctic and altitudinous gall of the average American newspaper, has long been one of the legitimate wonders of the world. If Emerson's pendulum theory—i. e., that when the ultimate climax of any feeling or custom is reached, a recoil that goes quite as far in the opposite direction—is true, then surely the time for a return to journalistic dillid and modesty has at length arrived. These reflections are incited by the following paragraph, printed in the most apparent good faith in the current issue of the publication named. There is an unflattering and stupendous effrontery about the item that renders it practically a humorous effort of the highest type, and we give it as such:

"Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt's great ball was made a complete success by the presence of a representative of the POLICE GAZETTE. In the early part of the evening the report was circulated that Mr. Richard K. Fox had decided to ignore the ball, and as a consequence many of the guests announced their intention of returning home. When the POLICE GAZETTE representative put in an appearance, however, there was a general feeling of relief, and the success of the affair was assured."

The religious editor of the POLICE GAZETTE entertains no feeling of ill will for the man who wrote the above atrocious libel. The language which we quote is what might eventually be expected from one whose bed is a bag of waste paper in a pressroom. A being who cannot afford better than a \$4.50 suit of hand-me-downs is not likely to think well of a religious editor who wears ten-karat diamonds, \$20 spring trousers, and smokes cigars each of which costs more than would pay for a San Francisco humorist's daily feed. Some day—perhaps it may be in the far distant future—but some day, when the Post man gets a good square meal, and has two white shirts which he can honestly call his own, he will think more kindly of the religious editor of the POLICE GAZETTE than he does now.

If you have enemies, we also have friends, and the following letter (one of many of a similar character) demonstrates that our virtues are appreciated:

"LA JUNTA, Col., April 20, 1883.

To Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

"DEAR SIR—Being residents of Colorado, and also constant readers of your valuable paper, we noticed some time ago an article describing the sort of a minister the people of Colorado would prefer. It was also stated that it was our intention to erect a factory for the purpose of manufacturing our own ministers. We would respectfully inform you that we have reconsidered our intention of building that factory, as lumber is very scarce here, and, consequently, very high. We think that we have hit upon a plan that would bring large returns and prove cheaper than manufacturing our own ministers. Now, Mr. Fox, as the style in which you and your religious editor put Christianity just suits the people in these parts, we would like to engage either of you to serve us as minister. We are quite sure that either of you would make a rattling preacher. We are very much in need of a minister at this place, and we hope that when you receive this you will not throw it in the waste basket. Please state your terms in next week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. Respectfully yours,

"MEMBERS Y. M. C. A."

The proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE cannot entertain the proposition. He remains here to serve the country;

THE NATIONAL GAME.

A Glance Over the Diamond Fields of the Continent.

WILL Caylor ever take a drop?" Some men never know when their heads are off. The championship season opened in brilliant style. ROSEMAN is playing like a race-horse in centre field. JACK REMSON is doing great work in the Dubuque nine. EVEN the bum Anthracites "wallup" the Indianapolis club. ALBANY still continues her squeal over her miserable old nine. MURKIE made a grand change when he put Esterbrook on third base. BURDICK's mouth was all over the field in the New York-Boston game.

LOU SIMMONS, of the Athletic club of Philadelphia, is once more a happy man.

WOULD MURKIE be satisfied if he won the American association championship?

THE BROOKLYN grounds are looking first-class, and will be completed in a few days.

WHAT THE NEW YORKERS want to know—when the Metropolitans are going to win a game?

PHILLIPS is getting along most admirably in Columbus since he turned over a new leaf.

WARD has become a great favorite in New York through the excellent style of his playing.

BOB FERGUSON is broken-hearted since the Athletics turned the tables on the Philadelphias.

TAYLOR's crack Brooklyn nine were knocked out badly in their opening championship game.

FOGHORN BRADLEY is left in the cold this year. He was not appointed an official umpire.

OLD "Foghorn" Bradley has been appointed one of the official umpires of the Northwestern league.

THE QUINCY snow storm of last week was cruel to Grove of the Chicago nine, giving him a severe cold.

THE BOSTONS knocked the Brown University team silly April 28, and defeated them by a score of 13 to 0.

THE ALLEGHENIES have most wretched accommodations at present for spectators attending their ball games.

IT IS RUMORED that Bob Ferguson is getting bald since the Philadelphias have stopped winning games.

THE ST. LOUIS club waltzed away from the Bay City nine on Saturday, the 25th of April, to the tune of 21 to 0.

TEN thousand people quietly watched the Athletics scrub up their new grounds, April 30, with the Philadelphia club.

BARNIE is somewhat dissatisfied with his Baltimore nine, as the loss of Larkin has weakened the team considerably.

THE CINCINNATI anticipate winning the American association championship, but they will be sadly disappointed.

THE MERRITS of Caen give promise of making the championship season pretty lively for the inter-state clubs.

THE REACH ball is not giving satisfaction, and the American association clubs are all practicing "high kicking."

POOR EWING was fined \$10 for trying to carry out Murk's orders, to his great chagrin and the amusement of the crowd.

AL REACH is trying to get Mulrey away from the Providence Reserves, but Harry Wright doesn't see it in that light.

THE CLEVELANDS in a recent game treated the Alleghenys to a large dish of good fruit, much to the distaste of the latter.

UNFIRE DECKER was so fly with his airt at the Polo ground, May 2, that the crowd asked him "if he didn't want a surveyor?"

JACK GLEASON of the St. Louis club has a cute little pet in the shape of a very grievous holl he would rather look on than sit on.

THE ECLIPSE of Louisville did not experience the difficulty anticipated in polishing up the Bay Citys, April 26, when they beat them 7 to 3.

THE PROVIDENCE RESERVES are amusing themselves pounding the life out of amateur clubs, while the professional team are on their first little tour.

BASEBALL is booming most wonderfully in Philadelphia. Indifferent matches draw largely, while games of note draw from 8,000 to 10,000 people.

IT was a great surprise to the Baltimore people to see the fine style in which the Richmond club held their own against the Baltimore professionals.

THE ATHLETICS of Philadelphia have picked up wonderfully in their playing, and they are now doing the work which was expected of them all spring.

THE WILDEST kind of excitement prevailed in Saginaw when the boys "knocked out" the Detroit. The town was hardly large enough to hold the players.

THE ALBANY failed to defeat the Bostons, April 30, and the Press of that city immediately began to smear Arnold and his Albany club with printers' ink.

THE FIELDING of COREY was a feature in the 10 to 2—Athletic-Philadelphia game. The Philadelphias got rattled and allowed the Athletics to score seven unearned runs.

HORALING is looked upon as one of the few baseball "cranks" in this country. He is a surly devil and one of the hardest men in the arena to keep under club discipline.

THE AMERICAN association clubs were exceedingly successful during the month of April in their games with Northwestern league teams, doing fully as well as did the leaguers.

THE BROWN UNIVERSITY team are a heavy set of batters, and they will undoubtedly make things pretty lively for their opponents in the race for the college championship pennant.

THE BAY CITYS played a very stiff game with the Eclipse club in Louisville, April 25, when the home team only escaped defeat by their tremendous batting in the eighth inning.

THE "old man" is creeping up in years, and in his second childhood makes himself ridiculous by sitting in the grand stand talking in his sleep, to the great amusement of the boys.

MATTHEWS, the little shrimp, who pitches for the Athletics, is puzzling all the clubs with whom the Athletics come in contact this season, and if anything, is more effective than ever.

DEASBY, St. Louis' crack catcher, is now on the shelf with a split finger, having received it in a game just prior to the opening of the season, when his services were in the greatest demand.

SEVERAL of the league club managers have grasped the idea suggested by the Detroit of holding an amateur tournament in their respective cities for the purpose of selecting promising young players.

ABOUT 1,000 people witnessed the well-contested game between the Providence and Philadelphia clubs May 1. The former club carried off the honors to the chagrin of the citizens of the Quaker City.

THE PROVIDENCE club had their hands full in defeating the Yales, April 28, at New Haven, when they were only the visitors by 5 to 4. This looks bad for a club that expects to win the league championship.

THE BAY CITYS are an exceptionally heavy set of batters, and they will about break the hearts of the Northwestern pitchers this season and make the fielders hunt shoe leather in a pretty lively style.

THE "only" NOLAN, who never drank a drop in his life, delivers temperance lectures to his comrades of the Allegheny club, and he feels sanguine that he can win the whole team over to signing the pledge.

THE BOSTONS expect their share of the receipts in the New York games alone to be large enough to cover their entire expenses of the season, and from the present appearances they will not be disappointed.

THE BUFFALOS have got an amateur named Darling to catch Derby, So Derby-Darling will be their battery. Derby is a darling himself, and with two of a kind they ought to knock out half the clubs in the country.

NOMAD, Ohio, is making a shout about what their club is going to do. It is composed solely of local players, but when they run up against some of the league teams they will think their club has been struck by dynamite.

DAILY, the famous one-armed crank, worried the Allegheny "lathers" till their hearts were weary in the Cleveland-Allegheny game of April 26, when they made but two base hits off of him and were beaten to the tune of 7 to 0.

MANAGERS IN TURN had promised to make arrangements to have connections made by pipes from the bar at the polo ground to the

reporters' stand, in order to keep those gentlemen in their seats during the progress of the games.

BROWN of the Columbus club injured the cap of his knee very badly April 26, while playing in a game at Fort Wayne, Ind. He will probably be laid up for some time, as he was crippled so badly that he had to be removed from the field.

THE CLEVELANDS play about the strongest fielding game of any club in the country. Their weak point, however, is at the bat. If they could only wield the ash in good style they would prove the most formidable opponents in the country.

DICKSON, the league umpire: "Had I known it was Murk who was yelling to Ewing from the grand stand in reference to my decision on Gillespie, I would have fined him \$100, and had him put off the ground, instead of fining Ewing \$10."

THE NEW YORK club is a strong one, but there seems to be some doubt if they will play together as a team or individually. The players are all first-class men. They do not appear to be kept under very good discipline, which may possibly be their ruin.

THE BALTIMORE club have been doing very good work this season, far better than had been anticipated by the admirers of the game throughout the country. It will not be surprising, therefore, to find them occupying a fine position in the race for the American association championship.

JOHN LANG found nine strikes from his celestial employer more than even his patience could stand, and is willing to resign the "Heathen Chinese" as a tough job lot to the first contractor who will put them through their poses, and teach them our American maxim that "Honesty is the best policy."

HOW FAR IS THIS for high? The players of the Allegheny club have made a kick to the board of directors against the constant interference of H. D. McKnight, president of the American association, and also of the Allegheny club. They lay all their defeats on the shoulders of McKnight and say that he has demoralized the boys with his "cocktail speeches."

PRESIDENT MCCOSH of Princeton showed his lack of knowledge of the game when the CLEVELANDS wanted to arrange to play the Princeton, by asking "if they were amateurs?" He made another blooming error when he refused to let the boys play, on the ground that he was afraid the students would hear profane language, when, in reality, there is no place on the face of the globe where more swearing can be heard than among college students.

THE Detroits have been "knocked out" twice by Northwestern league clubs. They were "downed" first by the Fort Waynes, April 21, by 4 to 3, then by the East Saginaws, April 26, by 8 to 7. The Athletics of the American association "mopped" up their ground on two occasions during April with the Philadelphia club, the last time April 26, by 10 to 2, and the Metropolitans put the New Yorks on their "backs" April 26, when they defeated them 3 to 1.

FOR SEVEN INNINGS Gunderson of Brown university pitched in such excellent form against the Providence team, April 26, that it was with great difficulty that the big professionals scored a single run in the eighth inning; however, the Providence team commenced to bat and the younger got rattled, which enabled the Providence to score nine runs before the inning closed. Gunderson is the making of an excellent pitcher, and if he keeps from getting unstrung he will be a hard man for the collegians.

OF ALL poor, unfortunate clubs that have ever entered the baseball arena, the Metropolitans of this city take the lead. They always play excellent games with their opponents, but invariably flunk and get beaten towards the close of the game. They lost 12 successive victories with league clubs in April before they won their first game. Then they opened their championship season by making a mountain out of a molehill, and being knocked out by the Baltimores, who were considered one of the weakest clubs in the association. The trouble is there is almost too much elbow bending in the Metropolitan club.

SIXTEEN clubs contested for the championship of this country in 1871, and the Athletics of Philadelphia were the victors. In 1872, of the 11 who entered, Boston won; the Bostons were again victorious in 1873, against nine opponents; they likewise won in 1874, against eight competitors. In 1875, the last year of the old National association, there were 13 clubs' contesting for supremacy, and the Bostons were again the victors. The present league was formed in 1876, with a limit of eight clubs, and the Chicagoans won the championship. In 1877 and 1878, when there were only six clubs in the league, the Bostons won the championship both years. There were eight competitors in 1879, and the Providence club proved the victors. The Chicagoans won the championship in 1880, against eight opponents, and have held it ever since. The New Yorks say they will make a desperate attempt to wrench it from the grasp of the Chicagoans during the present season.

THE OPENING professional championship game of baseball played on the Polo grounds Tuesday, May 1, attracted one of the largest crowds that have ever graced a ball field. It was the inaugural league championship game in New York city, and the New York public turned out by thousands to celebrate the event. Many of our leading citizens were present, among the most prominent were Gen. Grant, who takes great interest in baseball; Mr. Richard K. Fox, the editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and donor of the finest trophy that has ever been set up for competition in the baseball arena, it having cost something over \$1,000. The leading Wall street brokers were present in "tally-ho" coaches, and many others, of the wealthy classes, were present in their elegant carriages and costly turnouts. The top story of the grand stand, which was reserved for those guests holding special invitations, was packed to its utmost capacity, there not being even standing room in any portion of it, while the private boxes on either end were occupied by members of the Westchester polo club and the stockholders of the Metropolitan exhibition company. The game was opened in a spirited manner, and the assemblage were highly elated over the brilliant style in which New York's representatives fought for the honor of the city. Both clubs were so extremely anxious to win that the real beauty of the game was destroyed by the manner in which they fumbled and blundered over small things and the amount of time actually wasted in accomplishing nothing. Although it was a good game, it was by no means one which would excite the interest of those persons unfamiliar with the scientific points of the game. Had the players let themselves out, as they did in this country, when one of the finest games ever played in this country took place, the crowd would have been completely carried away with enthusiasm, as their second game was played in 11 and 30m with a score of 3 to 2, the winning run being a clean home-run in the ninth inning.

THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP trophy set up by Mr. Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be competed for by the league clubs of this country is the most elaborate prize that has ever been offered as a championship emblem in the baseball arena. It consists of a pedestal about three feet high, on the top of which is a square, solid plate of silver, representing a baseball park, in the centre of which is laid out the diamond, and a representation of a baseball match in full progress, with a dozen solid gold, miniature players, all in their respective positions, representing the pitcher, catcher, batman, umpire, 1st, 2d and 3d basemen, left, centre and right fielders, and a player running from 1st to 2d base. In the background the form of a flagstaff is a gold pole about one-half inch in diameter and from two to two and a half feet high, on the top of which is a solid gold ball about an inch and a half in diameter, from which gold cords are strung to either end of another gold cross-bar which supports the championship pennant. The background of the pennant is of light blue silk, with the following inscription worked in with gold thread wire: "POLICE GAZETTE trophy, representing the regular League association baseball championship of America. Presented by Richard K. Fox, proprietor and editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, 1883." The pennant is trimmed in gold, gold cord and gold tassels swinging at each side of the pennant from the gold balls at either end of the cross-bar. The bottom of the pennant is trimmed with very elegant and costly gold fringe. The base of the pedestal is about two feet square, and tapers up to about eight to ten inches. It is divided off, most tastefully, into some two or three sections, the borders of which are trimmed, respectively, with heavy dark blue and crimson cords. The centres of the four squares, in each of the two main sections, are elaborately arranged. The centres of the larger squares are of light blue satin, with a rich ruby velvet background, while the centres of the four smaller squares are handsomely shirred in slate-colored satin, with an exquisite moss-velvet background. The four squares on the extreme base, which is not over four inches high and two feet long, is likewise done up in slate velvet, with moss-velvet background, which contrasts most admirably with the blue satin and ruby velvet. The silver plate representing the baseball field is about an inch high and eight inches square, with solid silver sides, and on each of these four sides is a miniature head of a fox, which is of solid gold. On the two back corners, on either side of the pennant staff, are two gold baseball bats, crossed, with a solid gold ball "wing" between them. The trophy is now on exhibition in the private office of Mr. Richard K. Fox, but will shortly be placed in one of the prominent store windows on Broadway.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SENSATION WITH PEN AND PENCIL!

For the latest, liveliest and most authentic sensations of the town, read FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DIALOGUE, out every Sunday, price 5 cents, and for sale everywhere. Subscription rates: One year, \$2.50; Six months, \$1.25. Specimen copies furnished free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

A. S.—Edward Trickett.

D. M., Rochester, N. Y.—No.

G. W., Pine River, Col.—Send on your photo.

J. C., Chicago, Ill.—In 1848; do not know what month.

J. S. B., St. Vincent's.—Your favor received. Thanks.

J. B. C., Port Gibson, Miss.—Both were bulldogs. 2. Yes.

W. J., Philadelphia.—1. Tom King never fought Tom Sayers.

2. No.

J. M., Altoona, Pa.—A strike at ten pins is when all the pins are floored.

J. T., Newark, N. J.—We cannot back you in your proposed enterprise.

H. M., Boston, Mass.—William Madden was born in Marylebone, England.

T. A. D., New York.—We have no means of finding out what he is worth.

E. A., Fall River, Mass.—The left arm and left leg is the correct position.

KNICKERBOCKER COTTAGE, N. Y.—His record appeared in a recent issue.

P. W., Boston.—Dudley Kavanagh was champion billiard player of America.

M. H., Boston, Mass.—John C. Heenan did marry Sarah Stevens, the actress.

J. H. M., Jackson, Miss.—Send anything important and forward us your picture.

W. G., Austin, Texas.—1. Maud S's trotting time was never beaten. 2. No.

A. Susquehanna, Plainville, Va.—What do you mean by best 16 out of 18 games.

J. B. N., Charleston, S. C.—We furnish no information in regard to lotteries.

C. C., Dayton, Ohio.—Send 10 cts and we will mail you the rules you require.

H. W., Charlestown, S. C.—Send on \$2 and we will mail the book you require.

P. J. McM., Duluth, Minn.—He was born in Ireland and never lived in Canada.

H. W., Chicago, Ill.—Tom Hyer never put on the gloves with Country McClusky.

S. G., Louisville, Ky.—1. Pilot, the fighting dog that killed Crib, is not dead. 2. Yes.

Mr. Ch
a pros
storek
mouth,
forced
the vil
York,
ago, the
famous
Godiva
Covent
a lady
miles f
It is hi
his fa
Sunda
is lo
Charlo
partic
sonal
range
he co
friend
abode
and
himsel
stain
his St
in' cl
bride
stepp
box.
This
very
Sund
Char
hors
anxi
his
rode
wo
place
swe
alon
ous
still
wer
Afr
und
got
just
to
A
slip
un
da
str
The
for

A Millionaire Ragpicker.

Joaquin Miller, in one of his recent gossipy letters, is responsible for the following:

A curious psychological story was whispered in my ear last night at the Windsor hotel by one of the wealthy habitues of that home of American aristocrats. The singular facts are not yet public property, but as I shall not give names, I do not see what harm can come of it, and I take the responsibility of my utterances.

During the war, or a short time afterward, a man, who it is positively asserted had been a ragpicker and actually went about with a bag on his back and a hook in his hand, from barrel



GEORGE L. STANLEY,

LEADER OF A GANG OF NEW YORK COUNTERFEITERS, CAPTURED BY AGENT DRUMMOND.

to barrel, and from day to day, week in and week out, suddenly became rich. No one knew how he got rich. But he bought a block of property and built a house on Fifth avenue. He sent his children abroad to be educated, kept a carriage, had a crest and coat of arms, and of course denied vehemently all knowledge of the ragpicker. It is safe to say that if any man had made that charge against him the man making it would have had to pay heavily in damages.

Well, the years swept by, the children returned from abroad, cultured, proud, beautiful with youth and hope and promise. And, I trust, good enough at heart, and strong enough in heart to feel no shame in any revelations that may follow. But now the father's concern and anxiety to keep his low calling concealed was redoubled. He began to tell all sorts of curious stories of travel, life in strange lands, a boyhood spent in Paris, a familiarity with great men in foreign lands, during these dreadful days of rag-picking in New York city.

This preyed upon his mind so, says my informant, who knew him intimately, that he became crazed. His children began to observe that he would get up silently and go out of a night. He would come home stealthily at dawn,



A MILLIONAIRE RAGPICKER

A WEALTHY RESIDENT OF FIFTH AVENUE SURREPTITIOUSLY RESUMES HIS OLD CALLING.

and they would hear strange noises up in the garret. He grew thin as a ghost. One night—and only a few nights ago—a policeman saw a man with a white shirt and diamond studs that glittered in the gaslight, poking in an ash-barrel with a ragpicker's hook in his hand and a great, well-filled bag on his back. These he dropped and ran as the officer looked at him suspiciously. But being pursued and captured, he gave his name and address, was taken home, and is now in a private asylum for the insane.

Theory? I have no theory about it. I have

been trying to dismiss the whole thing from my mind, but it haunts me, and so I have written it down and divided it up by piecemeal with my readers to get rid of it. But is it not just possible that this poor man found his money in an ash-barrel, where it had been hidden, stolen or lost by some government officer, perhaps, during the flush times toward the close of the war, and so was unable to get his mind away from the trash of the streets? I do not know. The garret of the fine house, it is said, was found packed full of old rags

Francesca Ellmenreich.

Francesca Ellmenreich, whose portrait we publish this week, was until recently one of the foremost actresses of the contemporary German stage. Since the commencement of last season, however, she has followed in the footsteps of many other European actresses, and is now playing in the United States in the language of Shakespeare. We think it no exaggeration to say that her future prominence on the American stage is an assured fact. She has appeared so far mainly in "Camille," "Marie Stuart" and "Adrienne Lecouvreur."

In considering her *Camille*, allowance must be made for the difficulty of a first assumption of a trying part in a foreign tongue. It must also be



MRS. JENNIE HOLDEN,

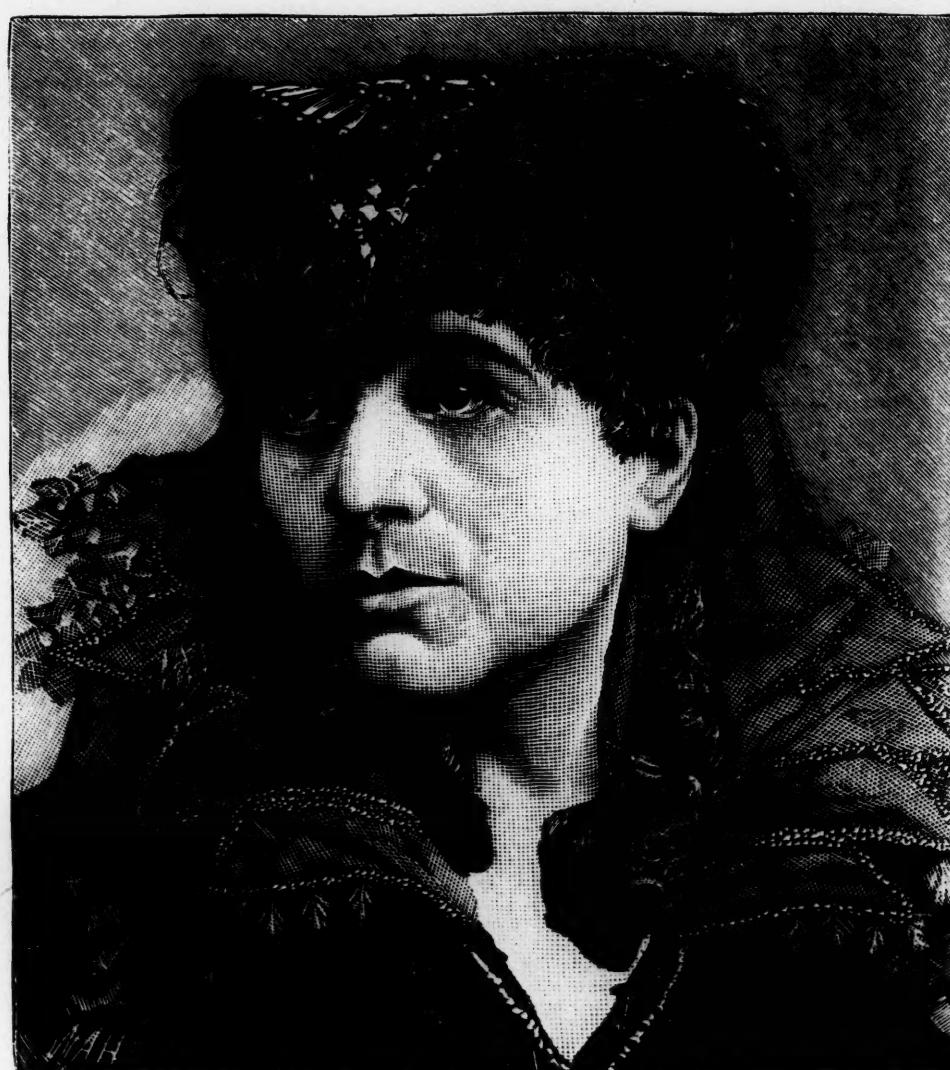
THE LITTLE DAISY, AWAITING TRIAL FOR "SHOVING QUEER"; NEW YORK CITY.

taken into consideration that, physically, Ellmenreich is totally unsuited to the character of *Camille*. With a robust figure and a manner that is full of stateliness and grandeur, it is impossible that in appearance she should satisfy the requirements of the part. In her conception of Dumas' heroine, Ellmenreich approaches very near to the author's idea. She plays the character with its contrasts sharply accentuated. In the first act, the heartless, cynical *femme entretenue*, then she gradually softens and refines the character as it should be under the growing absorption of an honest and sincere affection, until, finally, she is the loving woman, with all the depth and pathos of a passionate attachment. She does not forget, though, to tinge this love with a sorrow of regrets for the guilt and unworthiness of the past. She shows that over the happiness of the present hangs a shadow of shame and remorse. All through the impersonation runs a touch of truth and fidelity to human nature that makes of it a remarkable piece of intellectual acting. In the detail and elaboration of the character the master-hand of the accomplished actress is shown. Her "Marie Stuart" and "Adrienne Lecouvreur" are equally effective and studied.



BEN MAGINLEY.

[Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.]



FRANCESCA ELLMENREICH.

[Photo by Marc Gambier.]

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

A Modern John Gilpin.

Mr. Charles Linwood, a prosperous young storekeeper of Monmouth, Ill., gave a forced exhibition in the village of Little York, a few Sundays ago, that was combination of John Gilpin's famous ride and Lady Godiva's dash through Coventry. Charley has a lady love who lives at Little York, about 12 miles from Monmouth. It is his custom to visit his fair charmer every Sunday. As the road is long and dusty, Charley, who is very particular as to his personal appearance, arranged matters so that he could stop in a friendly wood near the abode of his inamorata and there, divesting himself of his travel-stained garments, don his Sunday go-to-meeting clothes, and appear before his prospective bride as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox.

This plan worked very well until the Sunday in question. Charley had a new horse that he was as anxious to show off as his store clothes. He

rode that horse that day and got along with him very well until he came to the place in the woods where the metamorphose was to take place from the country storekeeper to the city swell. The horse, which had been restive all along the rode, became particularly obstreperous at this point. No coaxing would keep him still. The troubled lover knew that the family were waiting for him to escort them to church. Afraid to leave the back of his horse, he essayed undressing and dressing on horseback. He got along pretty well with the undertaking, but just as he was drawing his new-boiled shirt over his head the animal took a notion into its head to make a dash.

Away went the horse. Charley managed to slip himself into his shirt, but the horse was under full head and beyond control. On he dashed, and in a few minutes entered the main street of the village, filled with churchgoers. The novel spectacle of a rider in undress uniform attracted much attention. It was particu-

larly enjoyed by the small boys, who, in their assumed efforts to stop the runaway horse, only accelerated his pace.

But, horror of horrors! the horse, which had been there before, made a beeline for the house of Charley's lady love, and passing with a bound the porch, on which the family were waiting for the lady lover, made a break for the stable, entering without knocking, and leaving Charley sprawling on the ground, having been scooped off in the passage through the low doorway.

It required a mighty deal of nice consideration for our friend to make an explanation of this strange adventure, but he succeeded better with his intended than with his friends, many of whom whisper something about Jimjams.

A Black Fiend.

A most diabolical act of cruelty took place within a mile of Temple's Mills, Bradford Co., Fla., on Sunday morning, April 22. A negro man by the name of Pink Blocker has had liv-

ing with him for some time a small boy, his sister's son. He has been very cruel to the boy, often whipping him till he would be covered with blood.

He took the boy and tied him in the chimney, head downward, and then built a fire under him, burning him so badly that the flesh has dropped off from the boy's body in several places, burnt all the flesh off his right arm and all the fingers off the right hand.

After satiating his revenge and demoniac cruelty he took the boy down, laid him on the floor and threw cold water over him, letting the miserable sufferer lie there till night. The child, after lingering in horrible agony for some time, died. The murderer is being pursued through the swamps by armed negroes and white men.

He Got the Best Room.

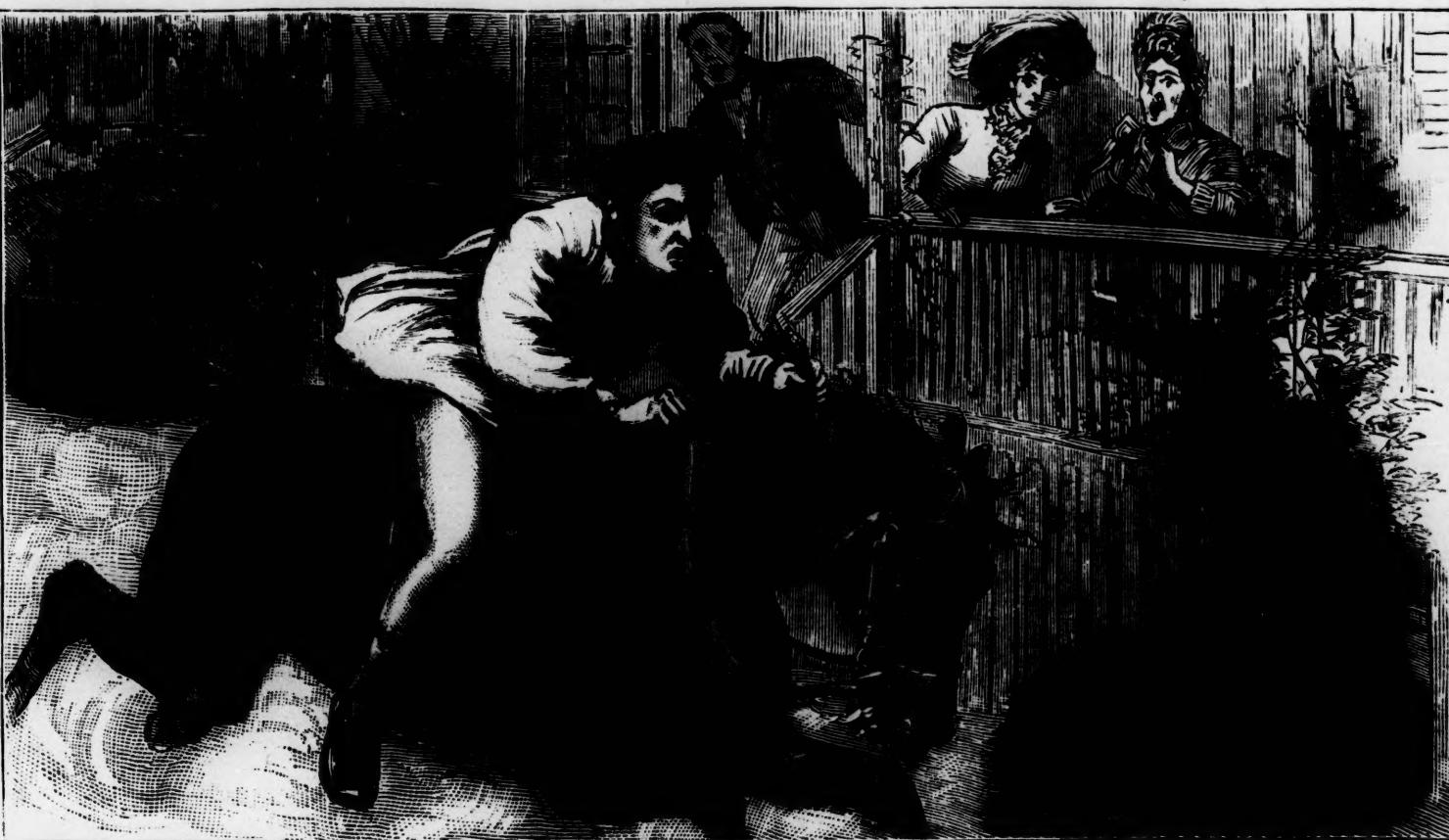
"Look here, my young kid, this is the best

room in the whole shebang, and I am just agone to occupy it tonight, and you be spry and keep her agoin' up and down while I take my dose of sleep." This command was issued to the elevator boy in a fashionable New York hotel by a Kansas restler, who, on his trip to room No. 2401, became infatuated with the luxury of the elevator car, and was bound to occupy it. As he enforced his request with a seven-barrel shooter, and sent word to the office that he didn't care a darn for the expense, he had his way.

A Woman's Jealousy.

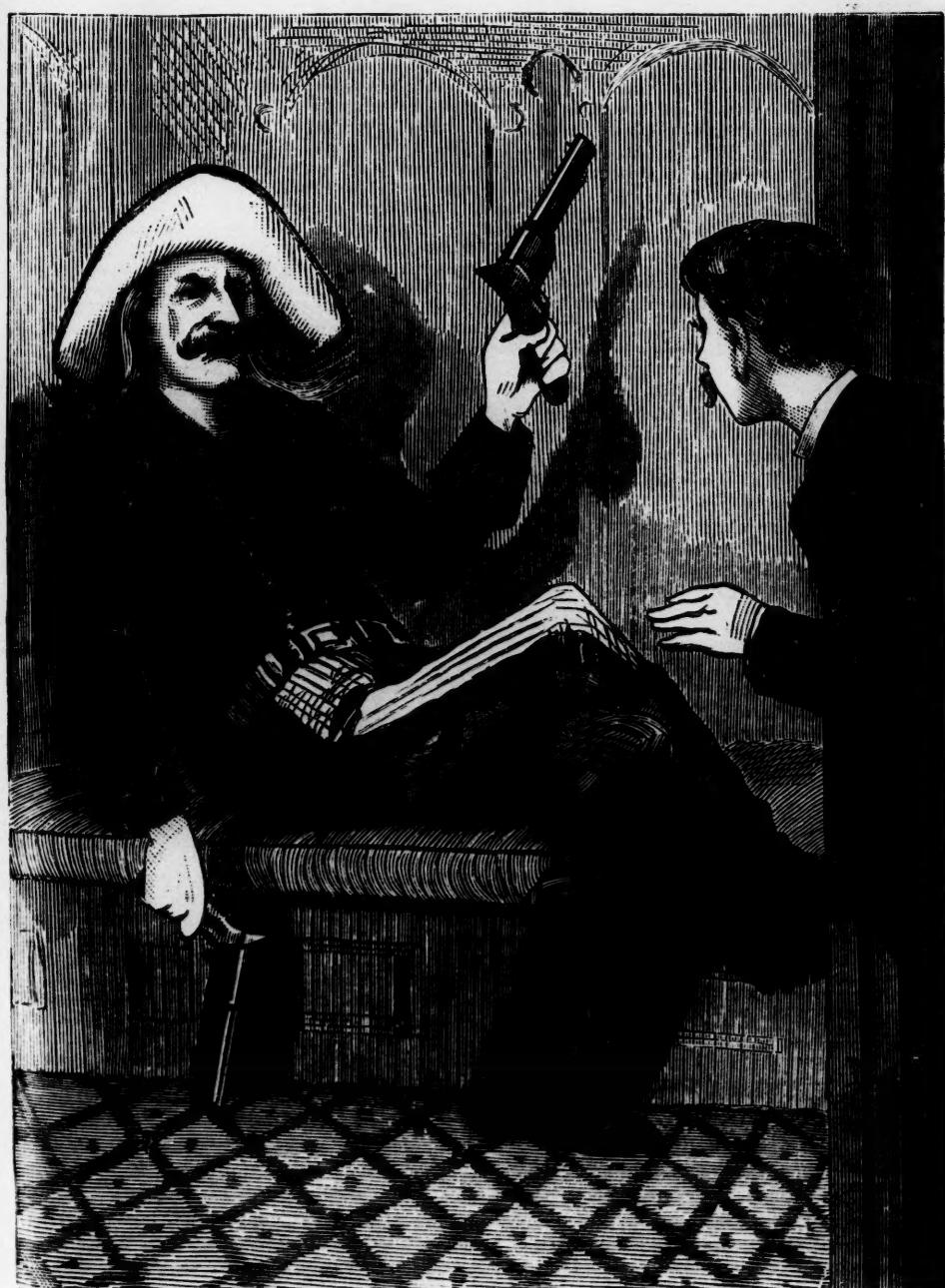
In the supreme court at Salem, Mass., recently, a novel case presented itself. Fannie Furguson asked for a divorce from her husband, John Furguson, for intoxication. After hearing the testimony of the witnesses, among whom was a man named Kershaw, the court ordered a decree entered. The parties were about leaving the room when a woman said to the judge:

"Your honor, I have some important evidence in this case." The judge called the parties back and requested the woman to take the stand and tell her story. She said that Kershaw and Mrs. Furguson had been guilty of criminal intercourse times without number; that she had seen them herself at least a hundred times. Justice Field ordered the decree annulled, assigned the case for further hearing May 7, and instructed the court to notify the district attorney. It is said that both women desire to marry Kershaw, and the strange woman, who gave the name of Annie M. Finney, is trying to prevent Mrs. Furguson getting a divorce, so that she cannot marry Kershaw. She came to court by an equally strange proceeding. She had been around the courthouse all day Thursday, and knew the case would come up. She went to one of the deputy sheriffs and told him she was a witness in the case, but by some mistake a summons had not been served on her. The deputy therefore added her name to the list of witnesses.



A MODERN JOHN GILPIN.

HOW AN ILLINOIS COUNTRY MERCHANT GAVE A FREE EXHIBITION OF HORSEMANSHIP, AT LITTLE YORK.



PICKING OUT HIS ROOM.



A FEARFUL CREMATION.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE BOSS OF ALL!

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Sunday, price 5 cents, will contain the freshest, mappiest and best sporting department of any Sunday newspaper in the world. Subscription rates: One year, \$2.50; Six months, \$1.25. Specimen copies furnished free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,

Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

JAPONICA should win the Tobacco stakes, mile heats, at Louisville, Ky.

ASCENDER should win the Clark stakes, to be run at Louisville, Ky., or else Bondholder.

JIM WILLIAMS, the colored lightweight pugilist of Trenton, N. J., is ready to box with any colored lightweight.

The three-mile foot race between M. J. Happeney and T. Johnson of Pittsburg, Pa., April 28, was won by Happeney.

AT Toledo, Ohio, on April 23, Lucien Marc Christol defeated Dick Burke in a wrestling contest in two straight falls.

HANLAN declines a double-scull race for himself and Lee against Conley and Hamm of the Halifax rowing association.

ADVICES from Australia state that Laycock, Pearce and Trickett intend visiting this country before the season is over.

THE Yale college spring regatta will be held in New Haven harbor on May 16, instead of the 19th, as previously advertised.

THE Queen City rowing club of Buffalo, N. Y., will parade the same crew as last year, viz.: Roth Brothers and the Crimmins Brothers.

THE Indiana stakes, to be run at Louisville, Ky., will have a large field of starters, and in our opinion Queen Ban or Fellowplay should win.

THE leading sporting house at Rochester, N. Y., is the Bozega, 6 Exchange place. The proprietor is G. H. Hussey. POLICE GAZETTE is kept on file.

THE Woodburn stakes, to be run at Louisville, Ky., looks like a sure thing for Aztec, if all right. Violater and Bellona, however, will need a lot of beating.

PEARL THORN should win the Richards' memorial stakes, one mile and a quarter, to be run at Louisville, Ky. If beaten Violater should be to the front.

BILLY EDWARDS, Arthur Chambers and Harry Gilmore are in Savannah, Ga. The pugilists met with a big reception from the sporting men of the Palmetto state.

IN the Magnolia stakes, to be run at Louisville, Ky., although many horses will start, only three will be placed at the finish, Fellowplay, Pearl Jennings and Queen Ban.

HANLAN, with his trainer, Lee, arrived at Lowell, Mass., on April 24, and the champion is training hard, early and late for his race with Kennedy, which is to be rowed on May 30.

WM. MULDOON has arrived at New Orleans to engage in a series of prearranged exhibition matches for "imaginary" stakes; New Orleans sporting men must "stand from under" if they speculate.

DR. R. WOOD, the president of the Lowell, Mass., driving association, informs us that the association will hold a grand trotting meeting on their grounds on May 22, 23, 24. The total amount of purses will be \$1,500.

WALTER PRINCE of Kingston, N. Y., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he will give any baseball club \$30 that will beat the Leader baseball club, on their grounds at Kingston, N. Y., any time during the season of 1883.

THOMAS WELSH, the English jockey, attempted to ride 20 miles and beat 50m 19s, at the Casino, Boston, on April 27, but failed. He covered the distance in 50m 53s. He rode seven instead of 3 ft from the pole.

JACK TURNER, the noted pugilist, is now teaching boxing at Rochester, N. Y. He has 29 pupils, and there is every prospect that his class drill will be doubled before many weeks. He can always be found at Reynold's Arcade.

AT Artillery hall, New Orleans, La., on April 28, quite a number of persons assembled to witness a wrestling match for an "alleged" stake of \$300 a side between Wm. Muldoon and Theobald Bauer. Muldoon won, gaining two falls.

DAN O'LEARY and Wm. Edwards finished their six-day heel-and-toe walking mat at Sydney, N. S. W., on March 17. The Australian beat O'Leary by twenty-three miles. Edwards covered 373 miles and O'Leary covered 350 miles.

CIRAS W. WILSON of Gloucester, Mass., writes that he has a female that he wants to back to box any of the female champions for a gold medal or for cash. Here is a chance for Rose Marshall, Alice Jennings and Daisy Daley, the champion.

JOHN HUGHES, the famous pedestrian, left this city on May 2, to take part in the six-days' go-as-you-please race to be held in Baltimore, Md., from May 28 to June 2. Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE has entered Hughes for this contest.

AT Reading, Pa., May 2, the inter-state pigeon shooting match between W. S. Cannon of Newark, N. J., and A. M. High of the former city, at 50 birds each, Cannon killed 35 out of 47 and High 31 out of 47. Cannon, the winner, has but one arm, his right.

THE final deposit, \$275 a side, for the five-hours' walk at the Casino, Boston, Mass., May 8, by Ed C. Holske and Dennis A. Driscoll, were made April 26 at the Boston *Globe* office. All the stakes, \$100 a side, are now up, and the Casino management are to add \$100 more, making the purse \$900.

A DESPERATE prize fight was decided on a lot at Grand street, Williamsburgh, N. Y., on April 25, between Patsy O'Sullivan, who stands 5 ft 9 in, weighs 176 lbs, and Herman Heiser, who is 6 ft 1 in in height and weighs 176 lbs. The pugilists fought 1 in and 7 m, during which nine rounds were fought.

THOMAS BRENNAN, of Tamaqua, Pa., and John Sharp of Jamestown, N. Y., are matched to run 100 yards, for \$300 a side, on May 30. The racing ground has not yet been settled upon. George Evans, of Lansford, Pa., is the final stakeholder. Jim Smith, the ex-champion pedestrian, is training Brennan.

THE great rowing regatta to be held at Pullman, Ill., on June 22-23, promises to be a grand affair. The entries so far are John McKay of Boston, James A. Ten Eyck of Peekskill, N. Y., Jacob Gaudour, Creve Coeur, Mo., while George Hosmer of Boston,

and John McKay have entered for the double-scull race.

JOHN McDERMOTT, the pugilistic fireman of Alert engine No. 1, of Rochester, N. Y., is to be tendered a grand benefit by the sporting men of that city. McDermott is the boxer who made the great stand before John L. Sullivan last summer at Rochester. He is a clever and scientific boxer and has many friends.

JACK D. FLYNN, the Portland, Me., pugilist, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he is ready to fight Charley Mitchell, with or without gloves, any time the English champion is ready. Flynn and his backers will be ready to arrange a match any time. He agrees to meet Flynn's backers at the *Globe* office, Boston, Mass.

SILL another pugilistic giant has arrived in this country. He rejoices in the name of George Schilling, and he is a relation of Mrs. Marc Christol of Toledo, Ohio. He stands 6 ft 6 in height and weighs 210 lbs. Lucifer: Marc Christol has put him in training, and intends to match him against Mitchell, Sullivan or Mike Blake, Capt. Daly's giant.

MIKE BLAKE, the Irish giant Capt. James C. Daly has brought over from Ireland, stands 6 ft 7 1/2 ins, weighs 245 lbs, aged 25; chest measurement, 47 ins; biceps, 18 ins; thigh, 29 ins. He is ready to fight any man in the world at catch weight. The Irish giant can be seen at Capt. Daly's, 205 Avenue A, where a match for \$5,000 against any man living can be made.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX, editor and proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, desired to return thanks to the press and sporting men of Rochester, N. Y., especially Alderman Watson of the Farmer's hotel, Chas. N. Perkins, Nat. P. Wilbur, J. Turner, H. M. Dufur and Duncan C. Ross, for courtesies extended during his flying trip to that city, which will be duly reciprocated.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS' 135-yard foot handicap will be decided at Pastime park, Philadelphia, Pa., on Whilt Monday and Tuesday, May 14 and 15. First prize, \$20; second prize, \$10; third prize, \$5; fourth prize, \$15. There will also be a 200-yard dog handicap. First prize, \$35; second prize, \$10; third prize, \$5. Arthur Chambers will act as referee, and Matt Booth, pistol firer and handicapper.

THE first all United States 135 yards' foot handicap, will be run at Hamilton Park, New Haven, Conn., on May 14, for a purse of \$150, to be divided as follows: First prize, \$100; second prize, \$30; third prize, \$12.50; fourth prize, \$7.50. Entrance fee, \$1, close May 5. Acceptance \$1, close May 11. There will also be a half-mile race open to all amateurs, for a silver ice pitcher and goblet. Entrance fee, \$1.

It was expected that Charley McCoy, the noted featherweight pugilist of Philadelphia, and Joe Wooley, who claims to be the featherweight champion, would arrange a prize fight for \$500 a side, and the featherweight championship of America. Charlie Norton and Wooley called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on May 1 to arrange the match, but McCoy did not show up, much to the disgust of Wooley and his backer.

AT the spring meeting of the Blood Horse association, at San Francisco, April 25, the best time, mile dash, ever made in California was accomplished. The starters were Joe Stowell, Gano, Jim Douglass and Duke of Monday. Gano and Douglass were the favorites. Many bets were made that 1:42 would not be made. After a sharp struggle Joe Stowell won in 1:42, which is the best time by a quarter of a second ever made in California.

A GRAND band tournament is to be held at Findlay, Ohio, on June 6 and 7. The following are the prizes: First-class bands, prize \$500, three or more bands to compete; second-class bands, prize \$200, two or more bands to compete; third-class bands, prize \$100, two or more bands to compete; fourth-class bands, prize \$50, two or more bands to compete; Hancock county bands, first prize, \$50; Hancock county bands, second prize, \$25, two or more bands to compete.

THE 150-yard foot race between Harry Lewis and Patrick J. Cannon for \$1,000, held by Richard K. Fox, was won at Lehighton, Penn., on April 26. Cannon was a heavy favorite, and several thousand dollars were wagered on the result. Lewis won by 5 in, at least so the referee decided, although many claimed Cannon breached the tape first. The referee's decision was final. Richard K. Fox forwarded the stakes, \$1,000, to Daniel J. Thomas, Lewis' backer.

THE 150-yard foot race between Harry Lewis and Patrick J. Cannon for \$1,000, held by Richard K. Fox, was won at Lehighton, Penn., on April 26. Cannon was a heavy favorite, and several thousand dollars were wagered on the result. Lewis won by 5 in, at least so the referee decided, although many claimed Cannon breached the tape first. The referee's decision was final. Richard K. Fox forwarded the stakes, \$1,000, to Daniel J. Thomas, Lewis' backer.

GEORGE HICKS, the champion middleweight wrestler of the Pacific slope, has arrived in New York. He stands 5 ft 7 1/2 in height, and weighs 155 lbs. Hicks' style of wrestling is collar and elbow, catch as catch can, and side hold. Hicks is ready to wrestle any wrestler in America at 155 lbs. Peter Russell of Lancashire, England, who Edwin Bibby defeated in England, preferred. The Californian champion was born in Burlington Centre, Vt., and hails from a state where the best trippers in America come from.

LUCIEN MARC CHRISTOL, the popular wrestler, boniface and sporting manager, has won another victory. At Toledo, Ohio, on April 23, he wrestled Richard Burke of Bay City, Mich., a noted wrestler, for a purse of \$300. The conditions were Greco-Roman, best two in three falls. The contest lasted 8m, and Burke's friends were greatly surprised at the quick manner in which Christol conquered their champion. After the contest was over Christol was presented with a \$100 diamond medal by his many admirers of Toledo.

THE 8-mile walking match between John Hibberd, William Raby, H. Thatcher and W. Griffin was decided at Lillier Bridge Grounds, England, on April 16, and resulted in a victory for Raby. He covered the distance in 58m 48s. Hibberd second in 58m 57s, the other competitors not finishing. The winner's time for 8 1/4 miles (45m 32s), 7 1/4 miles (56m 57s), is the fastest time on record in the world, and his time for the whole distance is only 7s behind W. Meagher's (58m 37s) best on record, made in New York, November 29, 1882.

THE Louisville jockey club races commence May 22. The Kentucky Oaks, which is the great filly stake of the season, will have a fine lot of starters, viz.: Queen Ban, Vera, Ebony, Phetna, Madrigal, Orange Blossom, Pike's Pride, Myriad, Josie Carter, Rena B., Belle of Mt. Zoah, Fosterina, Olivette, Reba Dixie and Imogene. The Oaks is the companion to the Derby in popularity, and if Queen Ban, Major Thomas' \$15,000 filly, does not start in the Derby, she will win the Oaks, otherwise Vera, with Bellona and Orange Blossom for places.

AT Hoffman's hall, Lawrence, Mass., recently, Jack Conroy of Providence, R. I., and Patsy Lippy of Lawrence, Mass., contested with hard gloves, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, for a purse. Five rounds were fought in 20m, when the referee, by the consent of both men, decided the affair a draw. The pugilists desire, through the POLICE GAZETTE, to return thanks to the following sporting men of Lawrence, Mass., for courtesies extended them: Florry Driscoll, Wm. H. Reilly, Ed Wanson,

Tim Sullivan, Ed Kennedy, Riley & Brogdon and Fred Zimmer.

THE question in regard to the disputed trace between Arthur Chambers' dog Let Her Come and David Scowcroft's dog Maud S., for the POLICE GAZETTE champion dog collar, which was referred to three English sporting papers, having been answered by but one, it has been decided by the parties interested to draw the stakes—\$250—held by Richard K. Fox, and they were returned to Arthur Chambers on May 2. Chambers says he will match Let Her Come to run any dog in the United States and give one yard to the pound, or take half a yard to the pound, for \$100 or \$250 a side.

"UNCLE BILL" TOVEE, the veteran master of ceremonies, who fought in the prize ring 50 years ago, and came to this country in 1833, will be tendered a benefit at Harry Hill's sporting house, on Thursday afternoon, May 17. One of the attractions of the show will be a set-to between "Pop" Whittaker, the one-armed veteran circus man, and "Uncle Bill," who will have one arm tied behind him. All the talent of Brooklyn and New York have promised to appear, and as it is probably the old gentleman's last benefit, for he was 82 years of age April 26, and is in poor health, there will probably be a liberal response to his call.

JIMMY WEEDON, the Pittsburg pugilist, who fought Owen Maloney in West Virginia, June 13, 1882, for \$1,000, the battle ending in a draw, owing to Maloney's friends breaking into the ring after they had contested 41 terrific rounds, occupying 1h 30m, accompanied by some friends, visited the POLICE GAZETTE office May 1. His object was to inspect the building, of which he had heard so much, and he was more than compensated for his journey. He expressed the opinion that it was the most complete and beautifully fitted up publishing house he had ever been through. Mr. Weedon sailed from this city in the State of Nevada on May 2 for England, and will be gone for about two months, during that time he will visit Glasgow, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, London and Paris on a tour of pleasure.

THE editor and proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE has forwarded to James Kelly, the boniface of the "Police Gazette" Rules sporting house, Denver, Col., a medal which is to be boxed for by the middle-weight pugilists of Colorado. The trophy is unique in design and made of solid gold. The first pendant has inscribed upon it: "POLICE GAZETTE champion middle-weight boxer of Colorado." The second pendant has a fox's head with diamond eyes. The third pendant is a plain gold bar for the name of the winner. The fourth is a shield, elaborately engraved, attached to the base, which is circular, about three inches in diameter, with raised figures in gold of two boxers. This base is surrounded by a laurel wreath. On plain gold bars are the words: "Presented by Richard K. Fox, POLICE GAZETTE, of New York."

TOM WALLING, the well-known pugilist, gave a grand opening at his sporting house, the "Police Gazette" Shades, No. 120 West State street, Leadville, Colorado, on April 21. The house was crammed to the doors, standing room with great difficulty being obtainable. The affair from a financial point of view was a grand success. The following boxers gave scientific set-to: Harry Morgan and his novice (Morgan Joe), George Cummings and Jack Clingsmith, Morgan Joe and Billy Burnett, Cass Williams and Tom Richards wound up the show in a clever set-to with the gloves of three rounds of three minutes' duration, "Police Gazette" rules, the honors being equally divided, the referee, Harry Morgan, declaring it a draw. Walling had arranged with four different boxers to wind up with him, but they failed to put in an appearance.

IT appears that the backers of Duncan C. Ross, the champion athlete, are still confident that he can defeat H. M. Dufur of Marlboro, Mass. Mr. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, received \$250 forfeit from Nat P. Wilbur of Rochester, N. Y., and the following challenge:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 27, 1883.

To the Sporting Editor of the *Police Gazette*:

Not being satisfied with the result of the wrestling match between H. M. Dufur of Marlboro, Mass., and Duncan C. Ross of Louisville, Ky., for the POLICE GAZETTE trophy and \$1,000, decided in this city on April 26, I desire, through the POLICE GAZETTE, to inform H. M. Dufur and his backers that I will match Duncan C. Ross to wrestle Dufur again for the same trophy and the championship of mixed wrestling. I will make the match this time for \$1,000 a side instead of \$500 a side, and it must be decided before the 18th of May, as I have to go to Louisville, Ky. To prove I mean business I have forwarded Richard K. Fox a forfeit of \$250. If the champion desires to arrange another match, all he will have to do is to fill up the articles of agreement and cover my money. N. P. WILBUR.

We have received a draft for \$250, and we suppose, as Dufur easily defeated Ross in the last contest, that he will be willing to give the Canadian-Scotch athlete another chance to redeem his laurels.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the champion pugilist, is fitting up a first class sporting house on Washington street, near Kneeland street, Boston, which will cost \$15,000. It cost him \$4,000 to buy out the party who had a lease of the building. It will please the champion's friends to learn that he is going to be a boniface. Many are anxious to know what name the champion will give his new sporting saloon. It has been stated that he will call it the "Police Gazette" sporting house, because Richard K. Fox was the first to give Sullivan a chance to prove that he was a great pugilist, by matching Paddy Ryan, the Troy giant, to fight him for \$5,000 and the championship of the world. If Ryan had not been backed by Richard K. Fox, against Boston's favorite pugilist, there would have been no match, and Sullivan would probably have never been the hero of a battle in the ring. Sullivan's sporting rendezvous on Washington street will be fitted up in handsome style; he intends to try and rival the Hoffman house bar in New York. Sullivan's house will be the headquarters of all sporting men visiting the Hub, and there is not the least doubt but that the champion will do well in his new venture. We wish him success.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., boasts of the greatest horse-show thrower in the world. We have reference to "Yankee Barton," who is 65 years of age, and yet can beat any man living throwing quoits, to the hock, or pitching horseshoes for distance. It is claimed that "Yankee Barton" has pitched a horseshoe weighing 17 ounces, 186 feet. Duncan C. Ross, the champion athlete, had an idea that he could defeat the veteran, and Nat P. Wilbur matched him for \$100. The contest was decided on the driving park at Rochester, N. Y., on April 27. Ross, owing to his reputation for throwing light and heavy hammers, was made a heavy favorite. Ross had wrestled a stubborn match the day previous with H. M. Dufur, and he was no doubt somewhat fatigued and stiffened up. Barton won at all events. He threw 143 feet. Ross did not reach the mark, and the veteran scored another victory. Considerable money changed hands on the result. Barton informed us that he could have pitched the shoe

full 30 or 40 feet farther. After the match was over the backers of Ross were surprised to find that Barton did not pitch a horse shoe, but it was one taken from the foot of a mule. The shoe Ross pitched weighed 17 ounces. There was no stipulation made about what weight the horseshoes should be, and Ross and his backers were taught a lesson. Barton claimed the shoe came off a Shetland pony.</p

RICHARD KENDALL of Pittsburg, Pa., writes that he will match his dog Billy against Pat Kirley's dog Jack for from \$250 to \$500 a side, the dogs to fight at 33 lbs, give or take one lb. "If Kirley wants to make a match he can meet me at Abe Hall's miners' home, Mansfield, on May 2, between 6 and 8 o'clock in the evening. If he does not want to, meet me at Tom McNally's, Woods Run, on the evening of May 3, at the same hour. I am coming down a pound more than when I matched Billy against Jack before, and I consider this fair on my part. I gave Kirley back his forfeit in the other match, and in a few days after he matched his dog to fight at 33 lbs." In reply Patrick Kirley telegraphed as follows to the POLICE GAZETTE: "I will match my dog Jack against Dick Kendall's dog, for from \$500 to \$1,000, both dogs to fight at 32 lbs, give or take a pound; or I will match my dog against Tom Brown's bridle and white bull terrier for the same amount, both to fight at 30 lbs, give or take a pound."

A HAPPY MAN.

MICHAEL CONNOLLY RECEIVES THE \$25,000 DRAWN IN THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

"What makes you feel so happy?" asked a *Press* reporter of Michael Connolly, the well-known sporting gentleman, as they met near the American house this afternoon. Connolly's face was radiant with smiles.

"This was enough to make most anybody happy," replied Mr. Connolly, as he handed the reporter a letter from Hon. Samuel O. Gleason, cashier of the Manufacturers' National bank, conveying the information that the ticket held by Connolly, and which drew the \$25,000 prize in the Louisiana State Lottery, had been cashed in New Orleans. "But that is not the best of it," continued Mr. Connolly. "I got my money yesterday, and it is now placed to my credit in the bank."

"You are, indeed, fortunate," the reporter remarked.

"Yes, it was a very lucky stroke," replied Connolly; "but, at the same time, it is one that is liable to happen to anybody who buys one of the Louisiana State Lottery Co.'s tickets. You fellows (meaning newspaper men) had an idea that it was all an advertisement for the business, but you see it was something entirely different. I would like one of those advertisements about once a year, and would pay big money for it."

"It is not an impudent question," said the reporter, "what do you propose to do with the money?"

"I have not made up my mind yet," replied Mr. Connolly, "but I shall either invest it in government bonds or in good mortgages."

"Have you invested much money in the purchase of lottery tickets?" The *Press* man inquired.

"Well, no; I can't say that I have," Mr. Connolly answered. "I occasionally purchased a ticket and shall continue doing so. I know The Louisiana State Lottery is a squarely conducted concern, and if I hold a winning ticket I know it will be reported and that I will get the money."

Then, handing the reporter a fragrant Havana, Mr. Connolly went his way rejoicing.

"Ashley Gleason subsequently told a *Press* reporter that Mr. Connolly had been paid the \$25,000 less \$250 expenses.—*Troy (N. Y.) Press*, April 28.

FOR THICK HEADS.

Heavy stomachs, bilious conditions—Wells' May Apple Pills—anti-bilious, cathartic. 10 and 25c.

CHEAP HACK FARE.—For years we have tried to secure cheap hack fare. Why hack at all? Hall's Balsam will cure all hacking coughs and colds.

Pure Blood.

PLEXIA, SEPTICIA, SCROFULA and other forms of blood poisoning, resulting in glandular swellings, ulcerous patches in the throat and mouth, abscesses, carbuncles, tumors, ulcers, sores, and skin eruptions, are speedily neutralized and expunged by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, while the skin is cleansed of all disfiguring humors by the external use of CUTICURA RESOLVENT. CUTICURA, the great skin curer. CUTICURA RESOLVENT absolutely destroys disease germs, which float in the blood, urine and perspiration—there is no doubt about it—and expels them through the bowels, kidneys and pores of the skin.

Greatest on Earth. Cuticura Remedies. are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case salt rheum in this country. My mother had it 20 years, and it cleared from me. I believe CUTICURA would have saved her life. My arms, breast and head were swollen for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. J. W. ADAMS, Newark, O.

Bett's Blood Purifier. I have used your CUTICURA remedies in several cases of Eczema, Moist and Dry Tetter, and cured them all. Your CUTICURA RESOLVENT, so far as my supply allows me to test it, has, in my hands, exceeded in efficacy and efficiency any alternative (blood purifier). I have ever made use of in an active practice of 30 years' duration. E. N. ECKER, M. D., JACKSONVILLE, PA.

Great Blood Medicines. The half has not been told as to the great curative powers of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I have paid hundreds of dollars for medicines to cure diseases of the blood and skin, and never found anything yet equal to the CUTICURA REMEDIES. CHAS. A. WILLIAMS, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Cure in Every Case. Your Cuticura Remedies outlast all other medicines I keep for skin diseases. My customers and patients say that I keep them off—cure a cure in every instance, where other remedies have failed. H. W. BROCKWAY, M. D., FRANKLIN FALLS, N. H.

Cuticura Resolvent, Cuticura and Cuticura Soap. sold, wherever. Price, CUTICURA, 50c., and \$1.00 per box. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1.00 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, 15c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

JEWELRY.

Lynch's Diamond Store at No. 925 Broadway, near 21st street, New York. The best place to secure bargains in all kinds of jewelry and antiquities. It is the best place in the city for bargains in diamonds and gold, which has constantly on hand the finest assortment of diamonds, ear-rings, brooches, seals, rings, pink pearls, etc., etc., and all kinds of precious stones, silverware and antiques at 25 per cent. lower than any other house. Don't forget Lynch's, 925 Broadway, New York city.

D. Keller, 24 John Street, N. Y. Manufacturer of Medals. Special designs will be furnished on application. A large assortment of American Watches in gold and silver cases. Also a full line of Diamonds at the lowest cash prices.

THE GREAT
TOM SAYERS' SUPPLEMENT!

Special copies of this magnificent picture, printed in colors, for framing, will be mailed on receipt of 75 cents. No Saloon, Sporting Rendezvous or Restaurant should be without one.

Address

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

A SUNDAY TREAT!

THE ONLY

Illustrated Sunday Paper in America.

OUT EVERY SUNDAY,

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Fox's Illustrated

WEEK'S DOINGS

the brightest, snappiest and best sensational Illustrated, Dramatic and

Sporting Sunday Newspaper

ever given to the public. Issued every Sunday morning simultaneously in New York and all towns east of the Mississippi River.

RICHARD K. FOX, Prop.

Subscription Rates: 1 Year, \$2.50; 6 Months, \$1.25. Specimen Copies furnished free on application.

\$85.00 for Only \$51.00—Freight Prepaid. Prof. BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS ONLY \$51.00; regular price \$85.00; Without Stool, Book and Music. 24 Stops, 1 Cello, 8 Trombones, 10 T. Cornet, 10 Tromp., 5 Bourdons, 10 ft. tone, 6 Saxophone, 8 ft. tone, 7 Violin di Gamma, 8 ft. tone, 8 Diapason, 8 ft. tone, 9 Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone, 10 Grand Expression, 8 ft. tone, 11 French Horn, 8 ft. tone, 12 Harp, 10 ft. 13 Vox Humana, 14 Echo, 8 ft. tone, 15 Dulciana, 8 ft. tone, 16 Clarionet, 8 ft. tone, 17 Vox Celeste, 8 ft. tone, 18 Violina, 4 ft. tone, 19 Vox Jubilante, 8 ft. tone, 20 Piccolo, 8 ft. tone, 21 Coupler Harmonique, 22 Octave Coupler, 23 Grand Organ, 24 Organ Kneec Stool, 25 Right Organ Kneec Stool. This Organ is a triumph of the organ-builder's Art. It is remarkable to compare the early hand description. The Case is solid Walnut, profusely ornamented with hand-carving and expensive fancy veneers. The Music Pocket is of the most beautiful design extant. It is deserving of a place in the millionaire's parlor, and would ornament the boudoir of a princess.

FIVE SETS REEDS. Five octaves, handsome appearance. It will not take the dirt or dust. It contains the sweet *Vox Celeste*, the famous French Horn Solo Combination, New Grand Organ, Right Organ, Left Kneec Stool, to mention but a few of the unique features. If necessary, Five (5) Sets of Golden Tongue Reeds, as follows: a set of Lower Sub Base Reeds; a set of 3 octaves of *Vox Celeste*; one set of *French Horn Reeds*, and 2 1/2 octaves each of regular *Golden Tongue Reeds*. Besides all this, it is fitted up with an Octave Coupler, which doubles the power of the instrument. Lamp Stands, Pocket for Music, Beatty's Patent Stop Action, also Sounding Board, &c., &c. It has a Sliding Lid and conveniently arranged handles for opening and closing, which are of the brightest polished brass. The Reeds are made from the best quality of rubber cloth, are of great power, and are fitted up with steel springs and the best quality of pedal straps. The Pedals, instead of being covered with carpet, are polished metal, neat design, never get out of repair or worn.

SPECIAL TEN-DAY OFFER. If you will remit me \$51 and the annexed Coupon within 10 days from the date hereof, I will box and ship you this Organ, with Organ Book, Book, etc., exactly the same as I sell for \$85. You should order immediately, and in no case later than 10 days. One year's test trial given and a full guarantee for six years. Given under my hand and seal, 24th day of May, 1883.

D. NIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A. COUPON, \$34. On receipt of this Coupon and \$51 in cash by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Check on your bank, it is forwarded within 10 days from date hereof, I hereby agree to accept this Coupon for \$34, as part payment on my celebrated 2x \$85 Parlor Organ, with Bench, Book, &c., previously mentioned. The price of the Organ is \$85, and I will send you a receipted bill in full for \$85 and box and ship you the Organ just as it is advertised, fully warranted for six years. Money refunded with interest from date of remittance if not as represented after one year's use. (Signed) DANIEL F. BEATTY.

FRIGHT PREPAID. As a further inducement for you to provide your order immediately, within the 10 days, I agree to prepay freight on the above organ to your nearest railroad freight station, any point east of the Mississippi River, or to any point west of it. This is a rare opportunity to place an instrument, as it were, at your door—all freight prepaid, at a manufacturer's wholesale price. Order now; nothing saved by correspondence.

HOW TO ORDER. Enclosed find \$51 for Organ. I have read your statement in this advertisement and I order one on condition that it must prove exactly as represented in this advertisement, or I shall return it at the end of one year's use and demand the return of my money, with interest from the very moment I forwarded it, at six per cent., according to your offer. Be prompt in your order. Send me your name, address, &c., &c., and I will send you a receipted bill in full for \$85 and box and ship you the Organ just as it is advertised, fully warranted for six years. Money refunded with interest from date of remittance if not as represented after one year's use. (Signed) DANIEL F. BEATTY.

FRIGHT PREPAID. As a further inducement for you to provide your order immediately, within the 10 days, I agree to prepay freight on the above organ to your nearest railroad freight station, any point east of the Mississippi River, or to any point west of it. This is a rare opportunity to place an instrument, as it were, at your door—all freight prepaid, at a manufacturer's wholesale price. Order now; nothing saved by correspondence.

ORGANS WARRANTED SIX YEARS. New Style No. 1215. Height, 72 ins.; depth, 24 ins.; length, 49 ins.; weight, boxed, about 400 lbs. Address or call the Manufacturer, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

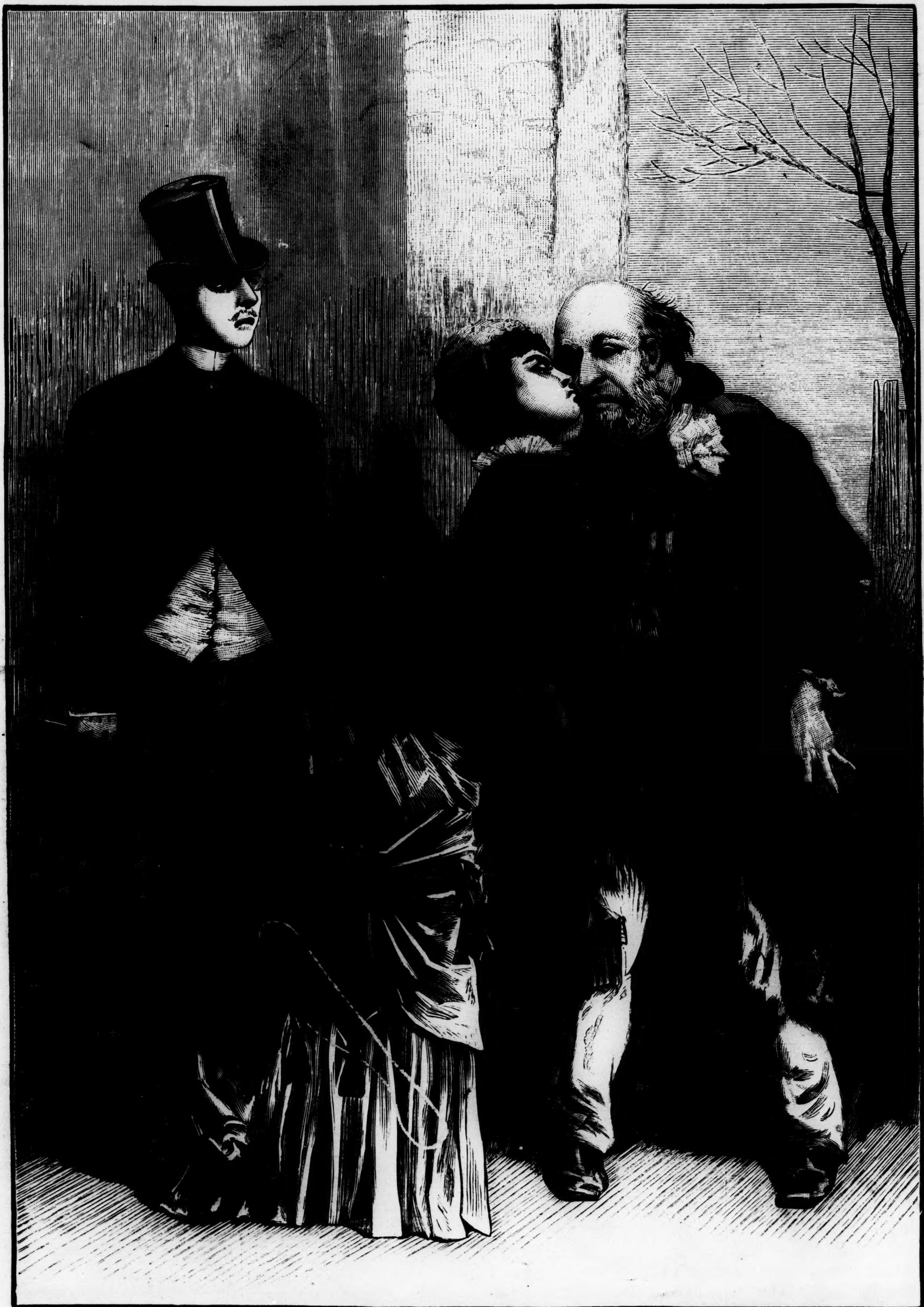
25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.

25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. Deary, Reading, Pa.



THE OUTCAST FATHER.

A SCENE WHICH TOOK MADISON SQUARE BY SURPRISE, AND SHOCKED THE BACKBONE CLEAN OUT OF A HIGH TONED SUITOR WITH A PROPOSAL ON HIS LIPS; NEW YORK CITY.